

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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## ROME AND HER RUINS.

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NIGHT fell over the *Campagna*. The air was damp and chill, and we were all weary with travel. One after another voices went silent, till no sound was heard in the crowded *diligence*, save the snoring of a plethoric Englishman in the corner; and nothing without but the roll of wheels, the clatter of horseshoes, and an occasional shout of the postillion. Wrapping my shawl around me, and drawing my cap down over my eyes, I condensed myself into an apple-dumpling and soon became insensible to the discomforts of my condition; and visions of Augustan glory, and voices of Tullian eloquence and Virgilian song, floated through my dreams; and the Pantheon, and the Coliseum, and the Tarpeian Rock, and the Basilica Vaticanus rose in majesty upon the horizon of my mental elysium. Suddenly I was startled by the exclamation, "Voilà! Voilà! L'Eglise de le Saint Pierre!" And I awoke in Rome.

Tourists talk of seeing Rome in a week. Four months we remained there—the writer and his *moglia Giovanna*—wandering over the "Seven Hills" and along the banks of the ancient *Albula*; groping among the moldering substructions of tomb, temple, forum, circus, theater, and basilica; gazing from the Pincian, from the Janiculum, from the *Campidoglio*, from the *Moles Hadriana*, from the grand cupola of *San Pietro*, and from many a dome and *campanile*, upon the fading memorials of imperial opulence, and splendor, and power. And during the latter half of our sojourn we enjoyed extraordinary facilities for observation and research; for an American lady, rich as generous, and intelligent as voluble, who had resided chiefly in Rome for more than twenty years, and was well acquainted with all the more interesting localities, antiquities, and

objects of the *begli arti*, accompanied by a gentlemanly son and a beautiful daughter, came every pleasant day, Sundays excepted, in her carriage, with liveried driver and footman, and conveyed us wherever we desired to go, and showed us whatever we desired to see, so that we learned more of the home of the Cæsars and the Popes in a few weeks—thanks to our *tre ciceroni*—than with ordinary opportunities we could have learned in as many years. Yet I can not say that I saw Rome.

The city is inexhaustible. It wants a lifetime, with all the aid that books, and artists, and antiquaries, and topographers, and well-taught guides can render. It grows upon you in proportion as it is explored, and the longer you remain the more reluctant you are to leave. Lot's wife looked not back more regretfully upon Sodom, nor the Jews upon Jerusalem as they went in chains over the Mount of Olives, than I did upon Rome as our *vetura* descended the last eminence from which it was visible, and the great dome of St. Peter's sank out of my sight forever. Brief, comparatively, as was my sojourn, and imperfect, necessarily, as was my survey and investigation, I departed deeply impressed with what I had seen of the city—the remains of her ancient grandeur, the magnificence of her modern architecture, the wealth of her museums and galleries of art, the unrivaled beauty of her suburban villas and classical environs; but impressed still more with her weakness, her blindness, her imbecile policy, her beggared populace, and fast-declining power—constituting, at once, a manifest fulfillment of prophecy, and a tremendous prophecy yet to be fulfilled!

Rome has been well named "The Historic City." No other city occupies so large a space in the history of the world, and no other page in the book of history teems with such deep and varied interest. The history of Rome, for many centuries, is the history of the world. Her name

is interwoven with our happy school-day memories. Rome was the birthplace of our modern civilization and jurisprudence. From Rome we have derived the fire of eloquence and the inspiration of song. Here the Cæsars sat and ruled the nations; hence Horace, and Virgil, and Tully still rule them. Here Paul in chains preached the Gospel to the Gentiles, and wrote five at least of his fourteen epistles, and with a "noble army of martyrs" "testified unto the death."

Rome has been denominated also "The Eternal City." Nothing of Rome is eternal but its ruin. The Rome that is, is not the Rome that was; but a new Rome that has risen upon the tomb of her imperial predecessor—the degenerate daughter of the world's ancient mistress. Rome, indeed, is the hereditary name of a long dynasty of cities. The buildings have frequently been destroyed, but the site has never been abandoned. As often as demolished, Rome has risen again from its ruins, but always upon the same cluster of hills, where Evander reared his humble capital, and Romulus plowed his quadrangular promerium.

"It stands as a link," says Dr. Burton, "in the chain which connects ancient and modern history, and in this part the continuity has never been broken." The continuity, however, as Conder well observes, is "only the continuity of succession." There were three ancient Romes—that of Romulus, that of Augustus, and that of Aurelian. So have there been three modern Romes, diverse alike from the ancient and from one another. The Rome of *Pio Nono* is not the Rome of Leo the Tenth, and mediæval Rome was essentially different from both. The Rome that now languishes along the banks of the Tiber, is no more the Rome that has stood there for twenty-five centuries, than the present Romans are those that occupied "the Seven Hills" in the days of the Tarquins or the Antonines. City has followed city, as generation has followed generation, only with a somewhat slower succession—each having its own peculiar character and marking its era in the history of the world.

The architectural glory of Rome dawned with Augustus and culminated with Antoninus Pius. The former "found it of brick;" the latter "left it of marble." It was now a city of palaces and temples, with splendid forums and gorgeous basilicas, with porticos, circuses, theaters, and amphitheaters, interspersed with groves and gardens, pools and fountains, and many other magnificent ornaments, such as the world had never witnessed and we can scarcely imagine. Fifteen stately obelisks from Egypt adorned as many public places, twenty-one triumphal arches honored the achievements of as many illustrious heroes, and monumental columns on all sides

towered over the tops of the tallest houses. Those stupendous aqueducts, whose long lines of broken arches still bestride the desolate *Campagna*, then fed an incredible number of public reservoirs and fountains, poured perpetual torrents through the *Cloaca Maxima*,

"And increased  
Proud Tiber's waves with waters not his own."

Sixteen grand *thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water and every possible convenience, were constantly open to the populace; the buildings being, in some instances, as in those of Titus, Dioclesian, Constantine, and Caracalla, nearly a mile in circumference, including many spacious halls, lined with marble, paved with mosaic, beautified with costly colonnades, and endowed with all the affluence of art. Eleven statues of colossal magnitude adorned the capital; nineteen of massy gold and thirty of solid silver were conspicuous in other parts of the city; while those of brass and marble surmounted every public edifice, graced every portico, and guarded every avenue; being, according to Cassiodorus, more numerous than the living population.

To one who has seen only American cities, it is impossible to form any idea of the majesty and beauty of imperial Rome. Strabo describes it as surpassing expectation and defying all human competition, while the Roman writers speak of it as "an epitome of the universe, and a fit abode for the gods." Ephesus had its Temple of Diana, Athens boasted its Parthenon, and Rhodes its Colossus; London has its St. Paul's and its Westminster Abbey, Paris its Tuilleries and its Notre Dame, Cologne and Milan each its gorgeous gothic cathedral, and modern Rome its unrivaled Basilica Vaticanus. But ancient Rome, like none of these distinguished for some single edifice or for several, presented to the eye a continuous succession of architectural wonders, and exhibited in every view groups and lines of magnificent structures, any one of which taken separately would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city in the world. Where, at the present day, if we except St. Peter's, built from the spoils of antiquity, shall we find a religious edifice equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to the Basilica of Constantine, or in wealth and splendor to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus? The tombs of Augustus, Hadrian, and Cecilia Metella were finer than the Hallicarnassean Mausoleum, and all the theaters of Greece would have found room within the enormous circumference of the Flavian Amphitheater.

Such was Rome when "a killing frost" fell upon all her glory. Her emperors, after "the

virtuous Antonine," were, with few exceptions, profligate and pusillanimous tyrants, and her nobles were corrupt and effeminate beyond all former precedent. "Half the empire," says Dr. Croly, "was a dungeon, and half a theater. Life was divided between the misery of chains and the madness of bacchanalian revel. Cruelty became an acknowledged principle, and massacre a legalized form. If the people perished by pestilence, famine, and sword, the monarch went down headless to the tomb." Constantine removed the imperial seat to Byzantium, and the barbarians descended like wolves upon the prey. The streets of Rome ran blood, her finest buildings were demolished, the most precious marbles were prostrated and shattered, statues of bronze and gold were broken and melted down, and nothing portable was left by the conquerors that they deemed worth carrying away.

And the Romans themselves helped on the work of ruin—popes and emperors, the nobility and the populace, contending with each other ever and anon through several successive centuries; and the sanguinary feuds of rival factions, and the public disorders consequent upon repeated revolutions, wrought more ruinously upon the ancient monuments than Vandal fury or Gothic fire. Every thing available was converted into a fortress, and battered by the missiles and the engines of war. The Orsini family garrisoned the Mole of Hadrian and the Theater of Pompey; the Colonna family, the Mausoleum of Augustus and the Baths of Caracalla; the Frangipani, the Coliseum, the Septizonium of Severus, and a fragment of Nero's Golden House. The Corsi intrenched themselves in the Capitol, and the Conti in the Lateran Palace; while the Savelli defied their foes from the castellated Tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the "vicegerent of Heaven upon earth" ensconced his periled infallibility in the dismantled Pantheon. Against these several parties, in their several fortresses, all the enginery of war was brought to bear; and thus the remains of republican and imperial Rome suffered more than from the wrath and the rapacity of all the barbarians that ever entered her gates. Towers were leveled with the dust, temples were razed from their foundations, columns of precious marbles were shattered into fragments, the finest productions of the Grecian chisel were hurled down upon the heads of the assailants, and all the noble structures that covered the Palatine, the Celian, the Esquiline, and the Viminal were irretrievably demolished. The Bishop of Sutri, who was an eye-witness of the havoc, says that every region of the city was destroyed; and Archbishop Hildebert, who gazed upon the wreck a few years later, laments that, although what

remained could not now be equalled, what was ruined could never be repaired.

But I must not weary the reader with history. Come, let us climb the tower of the Capitol and enjoy a classical panorama worth the toil. The palace to which the *Campanile* is attached is the residence of the Roman Senator. There is but one Roman Senator now, and he is only a name, and a fine suit of clothes, and a gilded carriage drawn by six white palfreys, and, from current indications, not likely long to be so much as that. The great bell in this Campanile, the largest in Rome, rings every new Pope into St. Peter's chair, and tolls every dead Pope into purgatory. It announces also the commencement and the conclusion of the annual *saturnalia* called the carnival, when every living thing in Rome, the Holy Father excepted, for eight successive days goes mad with mirth.

At the beginning of this festival I was sitting with an American friend amid the ruins of the Forum. My friend inquired of a passing citizen at what time the ringing would commence. The latter answered in his best English, "Past fifteen minutes half thirteen she will sing." This incident suggests the manner in which the Romans reckon time, counting twenty-four hours instead of twice twelve; and the clock-dials of St. Peter's and *Monte Citorio* are marked in this manner, as well as that of the Capitol.

But to return to the great bell. At precisely "past fifteen minutes half thirteen" she did sing, and most majestic was the melody. But when her companions—I think there are five of them—joined in the song, there went out over the purple atmosphere such a peal of harmony—soprano, and alto, and tenor, and bass—as might have announced the coronation of all the Cæsars at once, or welcomed the triumphal advent of a hundred imperial conquerors.

Well, here we are at length, not without some degree of fatigue, upon the summit of the tower, more than three hundred feet above the Tiber, midway between the ancient city of the Cæsars and the modern city of the Popes. On the one hand we see the irregular crescent of hills, where sat the mighty queen,

"And from her throne of beauty ruled the world;"

And on the other lies the level *Campo Marzo*, where her present representative "crouches beneath the ruins." The palace beneath our feet occupies the very site of the citadel of Romulus. Hard by on the right is the Tarpeian precipice, of old the dread of traitors. The church of *Ara Coeli*, on our left, stands where once stood the gorgeous fane of *Jupiter Capitolinus*—a mass of snowy marble, roofed with glittering gold. Just

before us we look down into the *Forum Romanum*—

"The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood."

And there is the rostrum—what remains of it—where Cicero's splendid sheet-lightning played over the Roman populace, and where his bloody head and hands were afterward exhibited to the weeping thousands whom his wisdom and his eloquence had saved. Beneath that little church on the left are the Mamertine and Tullian prisons—two dismal subterranean vaults, one beneath the other—where Jugurtha perished, where Lentulus and Cethegus met their merited retribution, and where perhaps St. Paul, without his Silas, sang hymns at midnight. The street through the forum and beyond it, spanned by the Arch of Titus, is the *Via Sacra*, where Horace loved to walk, by which the Cæsars ascended to the Capitol, and its polygonal pavement is deeply indented by the imperial chariot-wheels. And yonder is the majestic circle of the Flavian Amphitheater, on whose walls many a captive Hebrew toiled, and within whose arena many a Christian martyr bled; where, during the reign of Trajan, the whole city thronged to see the venerable Ignatius devoured by the lions; and where, ever and anon for four hundred years, herds of hapless gladiators were

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The nearest elevation on the right is the immortal Palatine, full of subterranean vaults—the substructions of the imperial palace, above which the vine and the fig-tree, the aloe and the acanthus, the cauliflower and the caciofali flourish with great luxuriance. Beyond it lies the Celian, at the right of it the Aventine, and at the left the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal. The city now covers the *Campus Martius* at the foot of "the Seven Hills," as if it had slipped down from its ancient seat and lodged upon the plain below; and on the other side, between it and the Janiculum, the turbid waters of the Tiber waltz along, as if in mockery of the fate of Rome.

I doubt if there is another view on earth so richly picturesque as that we have thus surveyed. Other cities may be more beautiful; but what other unites in a single *coup d'œil* so many elements of classic interest—presents such a combination of pleasing scenery, and gorgeous architecture, and clustering antiquities, holding entranced the imagination of the beholder? Nature seems to have molded the hills for the buildings, and Art has skillfully adapted the buildings to the hills. Groups of interesting objects crowd on the eye, as the successive scenes of history on

the mind; and the spectator sits dreaming, in sweet bewilderment, amid the ruins and splendors which surround him; while from all that he beholds comes up the sound of battle or the voice of song. He walks upon the Palatine, and the tombs of buried kingdoms echo to his tread; and he knows that the stones over which he stumbles once belonged to the imperial palace, and the dust that gathers on his sandals helped to compose the houses of Cicero and the Gracchi. Horace, and Virgil, and Ovid resided yonder on the Aventine; Mænas and Pliny on the Esquiline; Lucullus and Sallust on the Pincian. And there, on the other side of the Tiber, is the oak beneath which poor Torquato Tasso sat, and the convent of Sant' Onofrio in which he died—midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.

My first view of Rome was from the *Pincio*—unquestionably the best any where to be obtained of the modern city, "which," says Hobhouse, "whatever the faults of its architectural details, is, when seen in the mass, incomparably the finest in the world." From this beautiful eminence the whole is beheld at a glance, and the panorama is one of absolute enchantment. The Pincian Mount is now, as in the time of Lucullus, the *Collis Hortulorum*, and the common resort of the Roman people; and its graveled walks, moistened with the spray of sparkling fountains, and adorned with the busts and statues of sages and heroes, are lined with the greenest shrubs, and shaded with the noblest trees, and fragrant with the sweetest flowers, and melodious with the voice of singing birds. During the entire period of our abode in Rome, I seldom suffered a day to pass without a stroll through these blooming avenues. I generally ascended by the *Trinità del Monte*, passing the houses of Claude Lorraine, Nicholas Poussin, and Salvator Rosa; and generally toward evening, when those matchless tints which so often entranced the eyes of those great artists were softening down into the purple twilight beyond the great dome of St. Peter's, and the *rosignuolo* from out the holly and the cypress was filling the air with music. Of this delightful prospect I never wearied; and had I remained ten years in Rome, it seems to me, I could never have foregone my daily promenade upon the Pincio.

The finest distant view of the city is across the *Campagna*, from the hill-slopes of Frascati and Albano. Italy can produce nothing more sublime, and no description of the scene can be exaggerated. The eye ranges over a melancholy waste, strewed every-where with ruins, extending from the mountains to the sea; and midway of that melancholy waste, surrounded with a forest



of spires, columns, obelisks, cupolas, and campaniles, rises the matchless dome of St. Peter's—the tombstone of a buried empire. As you approach the vast relics of antiquity thicken along your road, and the entire scenery is in perfect unison with the pensive reflections inspired by the historic past. On the left are the crumbling *mausolea* of the Appian Way, some of them of such dimensions that they were formerly occupied as fortresses, and now afford room upon their tops for farm-houses and vegetable-gardens; and on the right are the remains of the Marcian, Julian, and Claudian aqueducts—the most impressive remnants of ancient Rome—like great many-footed monsters marching over the plain. Then the whole city comes into view, whose modern domes and towers, mingling with the moldering remains of her powerful predecessor, stand out in grand relief against the greenest of hills and the bluest of heavens. Finally you enter the gate and pass the statued magnificence of the Lateran, the naked majesty of the Coliseum, the melancholy memorials of the Forum and the Capitol, and “a marble wilderness” of broken columns and shattered cornices, scattered over the hills, and mocking the ancient boast of Rome's eternity!

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#### WHAT GREW IN A GARDEN.

BY MISS E. P. LEONARD.

THE State of Michigan is separated from Canada West, for the distance of about forty miles, by the peerless river St. Clair. It comes from the great northern reservoirs, making a channel of nearly a mile in width between low, flat shores, spreading at last into a Lake, surrounded with broad, marshy borders, in which at the proper season innumerable wild fowl disport. This Lake receives the name of the majestic stream, but does not transfer it to the strait below, which serves to communicate the waters of the St. Clair to Lake Erie.

The delicate sense and subtle penetration of poets, from time immemorial, have discovered genii in fountains, lakes, and streams. The seductive fascinations of these spirits have been variously and ingeniously described. The divinity of the St. Clair rises high in dignity above the tricky spells and fantastic enchantments which make the romantic glory of inferior spirits, and claims our homage with most imperial majesty. Independent of the ordinary conditions of running water, without flood-tide or ebb, uninfluenced by the vicissitudes of the seasons, its cool, strong currents set to the southward, caressed by refreshing breezes and ever beneficent

to the interests of an extensive commercial exchange. The stately beauty of the immutable St. Clair compels our reverence as well as admiration; it continually suggests to us something of infinitude, and affords us more than a vague prescience of the renown which it bears in its destiny, of the Niagara which it remotely supplies. A sea may intervene, but we can not fail to recognize the placid, majestic mother of the wonder of a continent.

All along its shores, at such frequent intervals that the passing vessel is rarely out of sight of one or more, rise tall, black-mouthed chimneys, which denote the situations of steam saw-mills, the indispensable accessories to the large lumber trade of the region. Hugging the bases of these chimneys lie compactly broad roofs and huge stacks of bright, newly-cut boards and beams, while farther off are clustered the low, half-pretty, half-neglected houses of crude villages. In one of these settlements, which, for the sake of desirable illusion, shall be designated Claremont, upon its ragged, principal street that ran along not far from the water's brink, from which it was separated only by a large timber-yard and the construction of rude wharves, stood a small, unpromising dwelling, that for appearance and convenience existed in recognition of the humblest necessities of humanity. The house, covered with rough boards that were turned to a not unpleasing gray by the exposures of several seasons, was placed in the front of a small inclosure which bore not the slightest trace of care and cultivation. The two old forest-trees that leaned against each other for support, were disfigured by decayed and mutilated branches, and the ground was tufted over with a rank growth of may-weed, among which great thistles rose into luxuriant being.

The returning Spring sun had shone down with pitiless heat on the roof all day, bringing out the old woody odor from the plank-walk which branched half-demolished from the street to the door, distilling also a spicy aroma from the may-weed, a fragrance that would not have been altogether unpleasant if associated with culture and thrift.

A pale, but pretty woman attired in decent mourning garments, had been busy ever since sunrise in arranging the furniture and decorations of the three rooms that constituted the entire dwelling. She was evidently but a recent tenant, who had brought with her customs superior to her present residence. The miserable house had miraculously improved under her superintendence. Plenty of fresh paper, a little paint, and a great deal of scouring by a stout Dutch woman, had made the basis of home-like attractions; and

when Mrs. Hammond had put down her clean carpets, dressed the white, tidy beds, hung the curtains, and arranged the furniture, books, pictures, and various tasteful ornaments, the effect was decidedly pretty. If Mrs. Hammond did not look happy, she was interested and a little hopeful. It was plainly to be seen that neatness and good order afforded a partial consolation in a period of adversity.

Mrs. Hammond smiled as only a proud mother can, when a handsome lad of fourteen entered the family room, and having carried a pail of fresh water into the closet, presently came to his seat at the supper-table. The two congratulated each other upon the successful completion of the day's labor, meantime eating hard biscuits and milk with great relish.

"I was foolish, Ben, to dread coming to this little house," said Mrs. Hammond, trying to look very cheerful. "It seemed to me better to die, and, indeed, if it had not been for your stout, courageous heart, despair would have killed me as I crossed the threshold."

"You did not have my unlimited faith in yourself, mamma, dearest. You were thinking of the establishment of our neighbors round the corner, the confusions of the Schwabhausers, and never considered that a domestic chaos was an impossibility with you. I knew if we lived in a wigwam you would contrive to adorn our situation with a little poetical attractiveness."

"Thanks, Ben, for your obliging philosophy."

"At your service, mamma," returned the boy gayly. "To-night you shall see my plan for the garden. When I have banished the geese and laid down a few boards, you shall come out to apportion our grounds to vegetables and flowers."

Mrs. Hammond was tired, and as she thought of the dreary yard the tears dimmed her answering smile.

"It will be done in good time, mamma. There's an arm for you, thanks to the old gymnasium. 'T is lucky now that I would not be beat there."

Ben's thoughts wandered into his brief past a moment, but presently they rested with his eye upon his silver spoon and the china dish beneath it.

"May the burglars and accident spare these and like treasures! Great minds have weaknesses in common, and neither Bonaparte at St. Helena, nor Ben Hammond in Claremont, like to be badly served. Mamma, dearest, do you not believe I will do wonders for you some day? If I can only succeed in getting a little work to begin with!"

"Ah, if you only could! You have been trying this month," sighed Mrs. Hammond.

"A month is a small piece of a lifetime. My

old Latin master used to say that affairs shifted as the world turned round; so, on some morning you see, I will have work."

Ben's whole heart did not go into his boast, for repeated disappointments had tempered his anticipations, and had not his mind been taken up in casting a plan for the small garden he would have gone wretched to his bed that night. He fell asleep, however, to dream of singing birds and flowers.

The slumber that rests softly upon the eyelids of youth, contests vainly the harassing remembrances of those who have suffered and lost. Mrs. Hammond long sat waking by her starlit window. Happily for her, to the sorrow which dimmed her eyes and darkened her future was not added the torture of regretful dissatisfaction with herself. In the estimation of society she had married foolishly and madly a handsome, improvident man, one of those reckless, luckless fellows who tamper with vice sufficiently to damage a virtuous reputation without going far enough to receive in return for the compromise the reward of specious villainy, who, being more improvident than depraved, are most favorably judged by those who know them most intimately. By this step she had grievously offended relatives of substance, whose instinct led them to anticipate with definitive action a possible assault upon their immaculate respectability. Mrs. Hammond, with womanly unquestioning devotion, clung reverently and fondly to him for whom she had sacrificed all that the world holds precious. But for her great love her husband's life of continual change and extravagant expedients had been to her one of unmitigated uneasiness. We dare not condemn those pure and self-sacrificing sentiments which Heaven has been pleased to reward with happiness, when the world sees but small wisdom in their exercise.

In despair of living any longer in accustomed ease and comfort Mr. Hammond gathered up the vestiges of a competency and came westward. He lacked energy to compete with the stern enterprise that secures success. He lived a year, growing poorer and more despondent continually. Disease fastened upon him and brought him near the gate of death. Then shone out brightly the wisdom of a single-hearted love that hitherto had seemed to include so much of rashness and fatuity. It was the affinity which brought heaven's purity and blessing close to the soiled and remorseful spirit of a vain and erring creature. In repentance and hope, with more of manliness than he had ever lived by, Hammond went into eternity. How then could a misgiving mingle with the grief of the stricken wife! Her love had accomplished the highest mission vouchsafed

to earthly affection; it had saved its object; and it was thenceforth sanctified—it was thenceforth her glory.

Mrs. Hammond's gentle spirit had its own pride. She would not return to relatives who would misinterpret the choicest intent of her life, in whose presence her chief heart-treasures would be but stones and stubble. The nobility of her boy's nature should not be degraded by the sound of invidious comment upon the character of a parent. The alternatives of labor and deprivation were preferable to dependence and indignity.

The sweet, earnest woman was resolved if not altogether hopeful. Much remained of the past to make the present endurable. Ben had studied well in excellent schools while there was opportunity, and more still might be learned from a small but well-selected library. Mrs. Hammond was not clever in scholarly lore, but she possessed a diffusive enthusiasm, which is efficient to generate an impulse, and strong to sustain an intention in the breast of another. Ben would have gone sleepless and hungry to fulfill a task in deference to her pleasure. And though she could not solve the problems that perplexed him, yet from her emanated a vital power which thrilled his nerves and stimulated his brain; so it was as well and better in the end.

Mrs. Hammond's housewifely care had preserved many of the comforts, and even the elegancies of domestic life. Her little home was more than passable. It was lucky that Ben loved horticulture. They would make an oasis of beauty in a desert of neglect, centralize their interest upon it and be happy.

Poverty is pitiless, and breathes coldly on every pleasant fancy. Ben must find work, else what were well-kept garden and blooming parterres? Mrs. Hammond shivered with dread in the midst of her sobered anticipations. Her thoughts wandered drowsily with their heavy burden into Ben's promised garden. The fragrance—the very entity of bright-eyed violets and royal lilies seemed to surround her, and from the stately ranks of crowned herbage that grew and extended before her vision arose the glad reiteration of Divine comfort: "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Mrs. Hammond, rather from preoccupation of mind than in a supercilious temper, had held herself reserved from the neighborliness of Claremont. She scarcely knew any one besides the German family in the house just round the corner. Frau Schwabhauser, despite her turbulent economics, was a cheery, thrifty dame, whose

husband and eldest son earned regular wages in the saw-mill. She pitied the lonely widow who, like herself, was far from an early home; she was inclined to patronize beneficially a delicate woman who could not scrub or carry heavy tubs and pails, and was glad to help Mrs. Hammond to an unlimited extent if Ben would only take a little pains with the English, and otherwise with the education of her Augustus. This was a somewhat promising youth waking, under new influences, out of the intellectual torpor inherited from generations of stolid ancestry. The poor boy's progress was painful and slow enough; still it could be defined. Ben was greatly interested in the amiable disposition and patient docility of his pupil, and he discoursed to him for hours, as they sat on the threshold by night, such things from books as the Saxon lad had never dreamed of.

Augustus envied Ben his wonderful learning. Ben would have given half he knew for a chance to earn his living. It was penury now; without a change it would be starvation some months hence. It was sad to observe the painful restrictions, not only in respect of happiness, but of privilege which encircled one so young; it was pitiful to see the giant oppression of want resting upon such a boy. So thought the mother as she watched Ben putting the plump seeds into the freshly-upturned soil. Sunshine and rain succeeded each other, and the tiny juicy shoots sprung up joyfully to meet the glad nurture of Summer days. Mrs. Hammond placed her hand upon her aching heart as she murmured: "It is the promise, not the performance, that must sustain my little faith."

Augustus tended the shingle saw in the mill close by, and Ben went often to watch the machinery. The sight of its strong resistless motion did him good; how he could hardly tell, but at least the sharp whirring of the saw seemed to interrupt the thread of his painful cogitations. He grew to like it. A sort of personality was evolved from its fury. Ben could not be easy till he had conquered it, till he was at home beside it. His eye kindled as the stout blocks of wood diminished under his care, and as the spitefully-revolving wheel squared the shingles; he smiled as Augustus employed the interval of relief in examining the pages of an English book.

Frau Schwabhauser came into Mrs. Hammond's cottage one morning to say that Augustus was a little ill, and to ask would Ben tend the saw that day. In a few weeks the German lad fell into the sleep that is stirred by no call to labor; and Ben had a situation at last.

It would be predicating a falsity of youthful nature, it would be claiming too much for Ben's

virtue to assert that he was altogether contented now. His boyish heart was tormented by erratic and chimerical wishes; his ambitious dreamings fretted against the imprisoning constraint which inclosed him fast; but yet unmoved over the unrest of an aspiring and ardent disposition brooded his mother's gentle theory of life. For a while he believed, with a heroic self-renunciation which liberated his spirit from the drudgery of unvarying toil, that it is given to but few to find distinction in the accomplishment of great exploits, and that he who, in the enthusiasm of a loving patience, conquers humble difficulties and diffuses substantial happiness to the full extent of his influence, confers glory upon humanity, and will one day reap the renown which shall reward all faithful souls. It was a grand and beautiful generalization, but it could hold particular facts in abeyance only for a season. Meantime two years rolled away, Ben the while growing to a manly stature.

The second Autumn had afforded a little variety. The mill had changed owners, and the new proprietor had come with his family to reside in Claremont; nevertheless it did not specially affect Ben. Mr. Ward stopped and spoke to him one day, and made some conventional inquiry into his circumstances; but as that was the last of it, it could not be deemed an impressive interruption of a heavy monotony.

It was the third Summer of the garden, and a delicious June day, bland, radiant, and breezy. Ben was becoming mystical and introspective, and had fallen into the eccentric habit of inattention to whatever was going on about him. The workmen passed up and down unheeded. Ben was rapidly acquiring a reputation for dullness. But his eyes opened wide on this particular morning, and his whole being awoke to a most uncomfortable self-consciousness in the presence of unaccustomed visitors. Mr. Ward helped along a child's carriage, and planted it directly in front of the shingle saw that had caught the delighted observation of a little unfortunate creature, a hunchback, who leaned upon the cushions and watched the fiery steel very much, Ben thought, as he used to. Mr. Ward was called away, but there remained beside the carriage a graceful girl of fifteen, who seemed to be wholly engrossed by sympathy with her charge. No doubt they were Mr. Ward's daughters whom he saw; every feature on their faces told that. An overpowering discomfort seized upon Ben. How utterly overgrown he felt; how infinitely far away from his own cherished idealizations with which he had dared fancy himself in some measure identical; how he sunk plump down even below the place to which he knew he must be ad-

judged! His eye grew dull and his lip sullen. The pretty Lilie Ward thought him stupid, and the helpless Hettie feared he might be ill-natured. Still while they watched the saw, Ben drank in the *morale* of their presence. It indeed mastered him at first, but in the recoil his soul regained its hold upon old sympathies and likings. It then seemed an age since he had seen such a fair young girl as Lilie; since he had played with well-dressed children at school and in his mother's parlor. Ben's furtive glances lost not a gleam from the shining braids of brown hair, nor a movement of the small, neatly-gloved hand that was joined so well to the round, white arm. The little hunchback bent forward and toyed with the warm, yellow, fragrant sawdust. Presently she wished to be drawn along to the place where Mike Hannegan sat packing the shingles. Mike had a rosy, saucy face, and eyes as bright as rain-washed whortleberries. His wide mouth opened with smiles as Hettie drew near, and he said something with a knowing wag of the head, which, though quite unintelligible for the noise, yet sounded to the child very clever indeed.

In a short time the vision passed away, leaving Ben with a new element in his thoughts. His innate manliness triumphed over externals; the warrant of old memories and personal experiences gave him possession of the present. Ben longed to see the girls again, and to become acquainted with them. He believed he should accomplish his wish in some way. He trusted to the flower angels to help him on.

Accordingly every day a fresh bunch of pinks, roses, and mignonnette was fastened to the wall close by Ben, and the largest, brightest cluster of all chanced to be the one which fell at last into Hettie's hand. She looked up and innocently imagined some one else had taken the place of the former dull youth who had frowned at her from the shadow of a limp straw hat. Now the thick, glossy black locks were uncovered, as the handsome head bent half in courtesy, half in eager expectation of some recognition of the gift.

Poor little Hettie was flower hungry, and she was not chary of her expressions of satisfaction and delight. Ben was quite reassured by Lilie's bow as she drew the chariot along; it was characterized by as much cordiality and as little condescension as he had dared hope.

Hettie would come again. The next day, as she rode down the long mill, her eye sought out Ben, and feasted on a bunch of roses and pinks that were held out toward her in welcome. Ben sprang lightly from his pedestal, and placed the flowers in Hettie's hand. Lilie offered a graceful protestation, which a lady knows how to do



so acceptably; she feared he would despoil his garden. Ben replied in a full, cultivated voice, which established his vantage-ground. Lillie wondered who he could be; but she merely inquired pleasantly whence could come such a profusion of flowers. Hettie answered: She remembered the pretty front door, and the glimpses of a garden which the shrubbery-lined fence revealed to them as they passed upon the sidewalk. Ben confessed it was the place; it was his garden, but quite at the service of any who could admire it. His mother would gladly attend such visitors. Hettie said she would stop there some time, and Lillie bowed her thanks. The girls went from the mill without looking at Mike; it was evident they did not think of him.

Mrs. Ward was a notable woman. Her friends considered her position somewhat lowered by her marriage; an opinion which was emphatically confirmed by the partial failure of certain financial enterprises of Mr. Ward. It was a sore trial to Mrs. Ward to be less wealthy than her neighbors, for the consideration which she coveted might not be supported by the salary of a clerkship. Still the efficient lady accomplished wonders with small means, and so deluded the world, that it was deemed as much a matter of choice as of necessity when her husband came westward.

There are few who do not ride a hobby; fewer still who are entirely emancipated from all conventional servitude. The idol before which Mrs. Ward bowed down in full devotion, from whose exactions she withheld neither gift nor effort, was respectability. The avatar of this imposing deity she had luckily discovered in the person of Mrs. Copeland. A more adequate illustration of a grand principle than this lady could no where be found. Of good descent, of immaculate antecedents, of judicious connections, of dignified establishment, and of irreproachable conduct, Mrs. Copeland met every requirement of her devotee; and in justice to Mrs. Ward be it said, by the genuineness of her quality influenced the proprieties of more than one household.

Mrs. Copeland was a childless widow but little past the prime of life, with the entire fortune of her late husband at her disposal. Perhaps her dignified carriage was a necessary barrier against the troublesome flatteries of schemers. It had, at least, some appearance of design, inasmuch as she treated Mrs. Ward, the most studiously deferential and punctilious of her acquaintance, with signal favor. An intimacy arose between the ladies that was maintained after their local separation by a full and prompt correspondence.

In Claremont it was Mrs. Ward's study to keep up the tone of her domestic arrangements, and to resist, with a most determined zeal, the slight-

est aggressions of a less perfectly-organized society than that to which she had been accustomed. Yet she was a genial and kindly woman at heart, and whenever her principles were not infringed, was capable of appreciating the diverse excellences of her new neighbors.

Hettie's joyful enthusiasm over the beautiful flowers induced Mrs. Ward to make inquiries, which resulted presently in a visit to Mrs. Hammond. To the latter it was a most uncomfortable event. It was a vice of Mrs. Ward's pretensions that on certain occasions she would be condescending and patronizing in spite of herself. Her theory was complete, but her practice was not flexible; and to her fancied inferiors she was not a perfect lady.

Though her guest had evidently intended to please, yet Mrs. Hammond, for the first time in her life, really felt the untold bitterness of poverty, and how immeasurably she had slid away from the position to which she was born. The revelation cost her an agony of tears, and the traces of the storm had hardly passed when her son came home. Ben's delight was complete when he learned that Lillie and Hettie would see his garden the next morning. He looked in vain for a weed to pull and for a stray vine to guide; and he could only regret that he must not share with his mother in the delightful duty of entertaining such pleasing guests. Ben had not seen Mrs. Ward; Mrs. Hammond had not seen the girls; so it was not strange that the enthusiasm of the mother was as wide from that of the son as cold from heat.

The morning brought better things. The infirm and deformed, yet cheerful Hettie, roused the full sympathy of Mrs. Hammond's heart. Lillie was unaffected and charming, and unconsciously soothed the irritation and distress which Mrs. Ward had occasioned. Prejudice itself would grant that the mother of well-trained children must have points of merit; and thus Mrs. Hammond forgot the wound she had received and was happy.

It was the very Eden of gardens, this of Ben's; and its pearl, its chief delight, was the grass plat where tea was served every evening, and where, on Sunday, its young owner reclined at his mother's feet, talking and reading through the livelong happy day. A fresh bit of carpet, and thick, soft cushions, brought out on occasion, made the place temptingly luxurious. Long borders of blooming pinks edged it about; pansies and bending rose-trees emulously diffused their fragrance; the musical whirr and glistening plumage of innumerable humming-birds enlivened the spot; while over all, the rejuvenated forest-trees bent with protecting shadows. It only needed a

broad view of the beautiful St. Clair to accomplish the perfection of this retreat.

As the natural consequence of so many attractions, as well as in accordance with mutual wishes, Lillie and Hettie came almost every morning to see Mrs. Hammond, bringing some agreeable tribute, fruit, or a picture, or any trifle which their acceptance of many flowers gave them a right to offer. Every particular of these visits was carefully detailed to Ben by his mother, who thought, thus to make him happier. She would have been aghast could she have marked and measured the growth of impatience and discontent which the poor boy dutifully concealed so well. His place had grown too narrow for him. The grand throbbing heart of the tireless machinery had lost its dignity and fascination; he felt the tyrannous, degrading servitude of unthinking monotony. The evil fateful hour was approaching when the despotism of constraint was beginning to corrode the spirit that, with an affluent vitality and elastic resistance, had maintained itself hitherto buoyant and untainted. To leave his place without a definite plan was starvation; with his new consciousness of a soul capable of infinite possibilities, to remain the servant of a mere machine, while the wooing voices from sky and river, from home and friendship, unwittingly called him forth to a freer, higher life, was torture. His heart was full of tumultuous but resolute thought, and it rarely happens that, sooner or later, opportunity does not wait upon zeal.

Ben was going to his dinner one day, and passed Mr. Ward, who was confiding to a friend the vexatious perplexities of his accounts, which had been brought into confusion by the carelessness of a clerk whom he had just dismissed. "For a week I have labored," said he, "and am farther from daylight than ever."

An inspiration seized Ben. He stepped boldly up to Mr. Ward, and requested permission to try his skill at unraveling the difficulties.

"How—who—O, the shingle boy!" said Mr. Ward. "When did you learn book-keeping?"

"Three years ago my father taught me, and I have not neglected the study since that time." Ben's clear, steady eye and voice made the strongest appeal to Mr. Ward, who instinctively felt assistance was at hand.

"Come to the counting-room this afternoon," said he.

"But the saw?" queried Ben.

"May run idle," was the reply.

"Mike Hannegan can not afford to," persisted the provident Ben.

"He won't mind running so his wages do not stop. I shall expect you."

It was a miserable afternoon to Ben, who learned, as the swift hours flew, what a labor he had undertaken. He had staked every thing on this movement; what if he had miscalculated his powers? The beaded drops trickled from his brow as the dreadful possibility grew more probable. For three days he struggled in the chaos. He knew that his mother, his employer, Lillie, and Hettie were awaiting the result. He scarcely ate or slept. A prisoner escaping from doom never strove more desperately with circumstance and destiny. It was happy for him that an emergency cleared rather than confused his mental powers.

The ecstatic joy of success came at last; one little clew revealed a series of blunders and afforded a key to the vexatious secret. Mr. Ward chanced to be in the counting-room at the moment of victory. Ben explained the result with the perspicacity of clearest conception. "Strange that I should not have seen that," exclaimed Mr. Ward, as we all do when a stroke of genius elucidates a point.

Ben fell exhausted and almost helpless to the floor.

He was a hero now! The saw-mill was forever escaped. He was at once the acknowledged but unpretentious autocrat of the counting-room. What wonderful and affluent days succeeded! To the first delicious abiding consciousness of victory was added the joy of freedom, and that too in Summer weather with health and friends, and with an intense love of natural beauty.

There is, beside the river St. Clair, a broad and parkish field consisting of so many acres that for all the practical intents of rural enjoyment it seems illimitable. The ground slopes with a single magnificent sweep to the water, and here and there, shading the smooth turf, yet remain primitive forest-trees in elegant forms and picturesque arrangements. To this favorite resort Ben, with his mother and his two young friends, went nearly every day after their early dinner. Sometimes they rambled along the path close by the water; more frequently they rested in quiet admiration of the life-distilling loveliness around. The wild flowers blossomed gayly, innumerable grasshoppers flitted on every hand, flocks of birds startled the air above. Sailing vessels glided by, and steamers labored past, vexing the pure waters of the river. Occasionally the canoe of some trafficking squaw would be paddled deftly along, with its cargo of baskets, a child, and some pet animal. On all sides were quiet, busy sights.

A supereminent bliss took possession of Ben's whole being; a calm, luminous joy fell upon his heart like the clear still glory that rests upon a landscape after a Summer shower. Ben always

carried some book with him from which he often read. A translation of Dante was frequently his choice, and somehow, at length, the volume came to open at a passage which Ben was never tired of repeating. It was the accepted exaggeration of his present happiness.

"Know'st not thou, thou art in heaven?  
And know'st not thou whatever is in heaven  
Is holy? and that nothing there is done  
But is done zealously and well?"

"I might think myself in heaven," said Hettie one day, "if we were not so very human; but you see we are not quite angels yet."

"I am not altogether clear about that," returned Ben, looking with beaming eyes upon the trio before him; and the trio laughed, and each thought how handsome and good was Ben.

One evening Mrs. Ward opened a letter which excited her liveliest emotion. Mrs. Copeland announced her intention to visit Claremont. She confidentially declared that such was the pertinacity of certain persons, she could have no peace of life till she had adopted an heir; she darkly hinted that she hoped to find one at the West; she wished to see if a young person she had in mind would please her, etc.

A very delicate and half-acknowledged thought had long remained latent in Mrs. Ward's breast; it burst forth now in full strength and development. Lilie was intuitively a lady; her natural gracefulness instructed art; her good sense and aptitude were past question; her face and figure lent a charm and effect to dress and fashion. Mrs. Copeland had always liked her. What triumphs would not belong to the dear child when once an admitted heiress! The fond tears of maternal delight rushed to the eyes of Mrs. Ward, and a perfect reticulation of arrangements spread itself out before her. She had too much prudence to hint her anticipations to her daughter, but sundry lessons on particular proprieties could not be deemed inappropriate. A disquisition upon Mrs. Copeland's exacting taste was followed by a specification of all dangerous and inadmissible indulgences. Foremost in the rank of sacrifices, the growing intimacy with the Hammonds was to be resigned. They were decent, clever persons enough, but not at all to be thought of as society for Mrs. Copeland. It would not do to incur the criticism of their expected guest by the familiarity of vulgar association. Lilie and Hettie opened their eyes with as much astonishment as filial respect would allow them to manifest, attempting a vindication of their friends on the assailed point. But Mrs. Ward was positive. She had called on Mrs. Hammond; the lady was nobody, without manner or even self-possession; and as for the

young man, he might be a good accountant, but his outgrown clothes and naked hands were hardly to be thrust upon the attention of a fastidious stranger. Hettie ventured to plead for her favorite. He was too poor to have every thing, and he spent all he could for books; and as for his hands, if every body had such a pair, gloves would speedily go out of fashion.

Hettie's obliging arguments might apologize for the facts, but could not destroy them. Accordingly, Lilie, as the most skillful diplomatist, was commissioned to inform the Hammonds that duty to their expected guest would necessarily interfere with the morning visits and afternoon walks. The Hammonds took no offense; still it was difficult for them to determine by what law the arrival of a single individual should make it imperative to circumvallate the household.

The precaution of Mrs. Ward was entirely thrown away. Mrs. Copeland manifested singular freedom in her movements, and extraordinary indulgence toward the young people. They, on their part, presently overcame their dread of a person of such imposing reputation, and soon were greatly attached to an unassuming lady, who carried about with her a pleasant seeming.

Mrs. Copeland, in evident poverty of other amusement, began to take an interest in the inhabitants of Claremont; and to the especial delight of Lilie and Hettie, maintained a persistent admiration of Ben's garden, and finally went so far as to express her desire for a better acquaintance with the young gentleman himself, when Hettie had ventured somewhat willfully upon an eloquent vindication of his real excellences.

"You will not mind, I am sure," urged the child, "that he is poor, and is obliged to consider very carefully when he parts with his money; you will only remember how bravely and cheerfully he has borne with privations which some would consider the greatest misfortune."

Mrs. Copeland was generous as Hettie could desire, and became exceedingly interested in Ben, so that she conversed a great deal with Mrs. Ward concerning him, and seemed resolved to make out a complete analysis of his qualities and character. Thus it soon came to pass that the morning visits and afternoon walks were resumed, and Mrs. Copeland, unexpectedly enough, was the freest and happiest of the company.

Mrs. Copeland was often engaged in drawing out Mrs. Hammond, with a result which much astonished Mrs. Ward, who to the last could not divine how she should have so falsely estimated her unobtrusive neighbor. Mrs. Copeland was singularly at her ease, and added to the wonder of her hostess by her persistent indifference to the declared object of her journey. The mystery

came out one day in formal conference between the two friends. Mrs. Ward listened with trembling as her guest spoke.

"The chief happiness of my life I owe to my late husband; his death was my greatest sorrow. If I find any consolation for his loss, it is in the attempt to fulfill every wish which he has bequeathed to me. Without my solemn promise to this effect, he had died with a heavy burden upon his conscience. Before I knew him he had committed what he chose to call an act of injustice. A favorite niece had been so solemnly consigned to his protection, that it seemed a sort of perjury to cast her off for any cause; nevertheless, her injudicious marriage occasioned him such annoyance that he rashly and roughly put her from him, and it was not till she was beyond his reach that he confessed how needless had been his precipitancy. In consequence of a temporary neglect and indifference, we lost sight of this niece, who evidently chose to avoid every former connection. After my husband's death it became my mission to find one who might be suffering every sorrow and necessity. I have written to uncounted places, and taken many fruitless journeys in this sacred quest. Your kindly-diffused letters led me to believe that the object of my search was near you. I was not mistaken. You have already suspected that it is Mrs. Hammond to whom I refer. I have waited a little to determine how I might act most wisely and beneficially for one to whom I had been directed to make every reparation. This morning I made myself known to her, declaring my wish to adopt Benjamin Hammond as my son and heir, without, of course, interfering with his mother's personal claim upon his filial duty—a proceeding which shall be sanctioned by every legal formality. I know you will rejoice with me over the happy fulfillment of a most sacred obligation."

Mrs. Ward shed a few tears of sensibility and sympathy, perhaps of disappointment; but at least she appeared very well, and if one ambitious hope was violently dislodged, another sprung up in its place. It is easy enough to divine its character.

Our story may now be ended. It is not necessary to conduct it in detail to the festive consummation, so ardently desired and so hopefully contemplated by Mrs. Ward, and which resulted in due time. To Ben and Lillie alike must first be apportioned years of arduous and careful preparation for the maturity of life. Ben became all that a noble and faithful boyhood could prophesy; and though Lillie was quoted in the gay world as the happiest instance of brilliant and accomplished grace, she was yet in the eyes of her husband only lovely and pure.

## HANNAH MORE.

EDITORIAL.\*

HANNAH MORE is one of the few names in English literature resplendent alike for exalted genius and devoted piety. She has contributed largely to the improvement of her race, and left, both in her life and literature, a rich legacy to succeeding generations. Her influence has been wonderful in its extent, as well as in its power. In the nursery, in the school-room, in the homes, and by the hearth-stones all over the land, she is enshrined as the *good genius*, whose influence ever tends to promote the culture of the intellect, the taste, and the moral nature.

Mr. Jacob More, the father of Hannah, was born to large expectations; but his fortunes were overcast, and his inheritance wrested from him in a suit at law. He was, however, of too noble a cast to sink down in despondency. As master of the parish school in Stapleton, he secured for his family a home—rural and homely, but enshrining more comfort than many a marble palace in the realm. In this rural home at a hamlet wearing the unpoetical name of Fishponds, Hannah was born, Feb. 2, 1745, being the fourth of five daughters.

Of his five little girls the father was justly proud, and devoted himself with great assiduity to their education. Instead of loading them with mere external accomplishments, he determined to strengthen their minds, and accordingly gave them the rudiments of a classical education, and provided for them a choice selection of reading to enlarge their range of thought. When we remember that this was over one hundred years ago, and take into account the prevalent views upon female education at that time, we shall see with how little reason Mrs. Hale stigmatizes Mr. More as a "narrow-minded man." He may have had a horror of a certain class of "learned women," and with great justice; but it is evident that his aim was to give true development of mind to his daughters.

At the age of twelve, Mary, the eldest, commenced taking lessons in French. For this purpose, she walked three times a week to Bristol, four miles distant. The journey was performed through heat and cold, wet and dry, with an unflinching determination, till she became a thorough master of the language, speaking it with the fluency and elegance of a native. Elizabeth, the second, was the companion and the help of the mother. The third, Sarah, was full of wit and

\* The materials for this sketch have been drawn from *Memoirs by Miss H. C. Knight*, 1 vol. 12mo; *Memoirs by W. Roberts*, 2 vols. 8vo; and *Memoirs by H. Thompson*, 2 vols. 12mo.



humor, and her quaint sayings and lively retorts gave a charm to social life in the household.

Of Hannah, the subject of our sketch, her biographer says, that while still regarded as the "little one," and long before the father had thought of recognizing her as one of his pupils, the delighted parents were surprised to find her reading with intelligence and fluency, having slipped through the long apprenticeship of syllables and spelling—they hardly knew when or how. While she was yet a child, her father began to teach her his favorite Latin. Her rapid progress amazed him; but fearing that she might be overtaken and break down in health, or if able to stand the strain upon her nerves, that she would grow up to be a mere pedant, he suspended her lessons. They were, however, soon resumed at the earnest entreaties of the child, seconded by the mother. Hannah was now permitted to study, read, and write as her fancy prompted. Thus at a very early age she became recognized, without envy on the part of her sisters, as the literary star of the family.

"Patty," the youngest of the five, was a loving, joyous creature. Between her and Hannah the tenderest sisterly attachment subsisted. When the latter, at the venerable age of eighty-nine, was passing through the dark portals, she suddenly extended her arms as though she would receive some one to her embrace, and exclaimed "Patty." Is it not probable that this last and dearest of the household band had come as a "ministering spirit" to greet her at the swellings of Jordan, and bid her welcome to the partnership of immortal joy?

Her three older sisters opened a boarding school in Bristol. The enterprise was a complete success. At the age of twelve, Hannah was placed in this school as a pupil. Here her progress was rapid and brilliant. She attracted the attention of some of the most cultivated minds in the city; among them was Sir James Stonehouse, who even then predicted for her a distinguished career. Among their principal patrons was Mrs. Gwatkin, a lady of refinement and wealth. On visiting Stratford-upon-Avon, Hannah brought away a branch from a mulberry-tree, said to have been planted by Shakspeare himself. This branch she wrought into a sugar-tongs and presented them to Mrs. Gwatkin, with the following delicate verse, giving evidence alike of her sensibility and her talent:

"I kissed the sacred shrine where Shakspeare lay,  
And bore this relic of my bard away;  
Where shall I place it, Phœbus? Where 't is due,  
Apollo answered; and I send it you."

Her first work, "The Search After Happiness," a pastoral drama, was written when she was sev-

enteen. After completing her studies as a pupil, she became associated with her sisters as a teacher. Three times she received offers of marriage. In the first instance, she was disappointed by the fickleness of her suitor, Edward Turner, Esq. After all the preparations for the marriage had been made, and she had relinquished her interest in the school, at his request it was delayed. A second delay was also accorded. The request for a third delay resulted in his prompt and final dismissal. Her biographer, however, says, "There are no tearful regrets to bestow over this severed tie, for Mrs. Turner might have deprived the world of the brilliant career and valuable services of Miss Hannah More." The other offers she declined.

This was a brilliant period in English literature. Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other stars of the first magnitude were in the very zenith of their brightness. The famous Blue Stocking Club was then in all its glory. Preëminent in this literary coterie was Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose admirable "Letters" yet retain their fascination, notwithstanding all the changes in taste and manners. There, too, was Elizabeth Carter, accustomed to read the Bible, her choicest book, in Hebrew. So thorough was her mastery of the learned languages, that when Dr. Johnson was recommending a celebrated Greek scholar, he said that he understood Greek "better than any body else except Elizabeth Carter." Into this circle of princely intellect Hannah More was introduced in 1773. She was then on a visit to London in company with her sister Sarah. Her fame had preceded her, and she found a cordial welcome.

Most of all was she anxious to see that wonder of the age—"the great Dr. Johnson." Calling at Sir Joshua's one day, she learned that Dr. Johnson was within. Her friends tried to moderate her eagerness by telling her of his moody fits, and that he would be as likely to turn his back upon her as to give her any appropriate salutation. Nothing, however, could repress her eagerness. She entered the room where he was, and was most agreeably surprised when he arose and saluted her with a verse of her own poetry.

She was most favorably impressed with the great conversationalist, and soon after, with her sister Sarah, paid him a visit. This visit is thus described. On entering his little parlor, they found it occupied by a pale, shrunk old lady, dressed in scarlet, her head surmounted by a black lace hood, with stiff projecting wings. She received them with a mild, engaging manner, and bade them be seated. This was Anna Williams, the blind poetess, for forty years sheltered under the Doctor's roof. Hannah promptly obeyed the

invitation to be seated by jumping into a great arm-chair, which she naturally concluded must be the Doctor's accustomed seat; and in it, she playfully invoked the inspiration of his genius.

"But, hark! the heavy tread of the host is at the door; he enters. Behold his burly and unwieldy body, his face disfigured by scrofula, and head surrounded by a large, bushy, grayish wig, well singed, or, perhaps, quite crisp in front—a very fright to the company of respectable wigs with which it daily associates; its master's eyes are both weak and near-sighted, which, in his absorbing interest for a favorite author, often cause him to bring the light within a dangerous vicinity to his person, quite regardless of consequences. When he dined with distinguished guests at Leicester-fields, Sir Joshua's butler used to take the liberty of drawing the Doctor aside, and replacing the old wig with one more suitable to the occasion. He was dressed in plain brown clothes, black worsted stockings, and silver knee-buckles. His rolling gait, with the odd and convulsive twists of his unwieldy body, added to a harsh and imperious voice, altogether formed a personelle sufficiently disagreeable to repulse the least fastidious; but with all these defects and infirmities of the outward man, Dr. Johnson was the intellectual Hercules of his age."

He now received the sisters with the utmost cordiality; and laughed heartily at Hannah, declaring that he never sat in the big arm-chair.

In 1775 Hannah More again visited London. As on the former occasion, she found ready access to the circles where genius, wit, and learning concentrated and coruscated. Here she was brought into connection with men and women of the brightest intellectual and social parts; yet she was not fascinated with the follies of social life, nor were her perceptions of what was fitting and pure at all blunted. One day she dines at Sir Joshua's, and the course of preparation for the event through which she passes, gives occasion for some comments on the subject of head-dressing. "Nothing can be conceived so absurd, extravagant, and fantastical, as the present mode of dressing the head. Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded, that their very names are no longer remembered. I have just escaped from one of the fashionable disfigurers, and though I charged him to dress me with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, just enough to avoid the pride of singularity, yet in spite of all these sage cautions, I absolutely blush at myself, and turn to a glass with as much caution as a vain beauty just risen from the small-pox, which can not be a more disfiguring disease than the present mode of dress." The religious principles of Han-

nah More were evidently too deeply fixed for her to have much relish for the fashionable follies of the day, and her sense was too solid not to have a clear perception of their pernicious moral tendencies. One has well said of her, that "the glitter and pomp of fashionable life never seem to have dimmed the clearness of her moral vision, or prevented her from making a rational estimate of its maxims, habits, and pursuits; there ever accompanied her an integrity of moral consciousness, a hidden strength, which, stronger than a breastplate or shield, defended her from the corrupting influence of flattery, and enabled her to maintain that singleness and purity of character, and to foster those religious convictions which formed the beauty and excellence of her riper years."

Her introduction to that much-abused class, the book-publishers—between whom and authors there is presumed to be an irrepressible conflict—was on this wise. As yet she was known only as a lady of rare accomplishments and a splendid conversationalist. At home, in the Winter of 1775, she said to her sisters, "I have been so fed with praise, I think I will venture to try what my real value is by writing a slight poem." Within a fortnight, "Sir Eldred of the Bower," a legendary tale, was completed; and "The Bleeding Rock," written some years before, revised, and both ready for the press. With these she presented herself before Cadell, the well-known publisher. He at once agreed to publish them, and gave her forty guineas for the copy-right, promising, if she could ascertain what Goldsmith received for his "Deserted Village," to increase the sum to that amount. Hannah More's connection with this publishing-house, so auspiciously commenced, continued through a period of forty years.

Our readers will be inquisitive about the reception of "Sir Eldred" by the public. It speedily became "the theme of conversation in all the polite circles" of the realm; became "the fondling of the great litterateurs of the day;" but as speedily sank into obscurity and neglect—a wide contrast in its fortune and that of the "Deserted Village," which has a perpetual inheritance in the hearts of reading and thoughtful millions.

As an illustration of the unfettered and yet respectful intercourse of the two sisters, Sallie and Hannah, with their London literary friends, we excerpt a passage from a racy letter written by the former to her sisters at home. "If a wedding should take place before our return, do n't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of Irene—nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is noth-

ing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of, he says: 'I have heard you are engaged in the useful and honorable occupation of teaching young ladies;' upon which, with all the ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education, showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at length began to grow too small for them; and how with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little learning—a very good thing when land is gone—and so, at last, by giving a little to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return—but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both!' cried the Doctor. 'I love you all five! I never was at Bristol; I will come on purpose to see you. What! *five women* live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening; I am glad I came; God forever keep you—you live to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected by his manner."

So much for Dr. Johnson. We must now give an excerpt from one of Hannah's letters, which will illustrate, better than any description, their cordial relations to another celebrity. "Let me tell you," says she, "a ridiculous circumstance which happened the other day. After dinner, Garrick took up the *Monthly Review*—civil gentlemen, by the by, these monthly reviewers—and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his grace and pathos. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it was very moving, which, I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading as I did for crying at my own verses. *She* got out of the scrape by pretending that she was touched by the story, and *I* by saying the same thing of the reading."

"Percy," a drama, was written in 1777. Brought out under the auspices of Garrick, it was played in Drury Lane twelve nights in succession, and netted its author the sum of \$3,500. Miss More wrote two more dramas—"The Fatal

Falsehood," and "The Inflexible Captive." These closed her contributions to the stage. Observing the effects of theatrical amusements, she became convinced that they were "dangerous to morals, and hostile to Christian virtue." Garrick was her early friend and patron; but even the splendor of his genius had not blinded her mind to the natural tendencies of the stage; and now she resolutely absolved herself from all complicity with an institution so prejudicial to public and private morals.

It is well known that at this time the theater was patronized by many who thought it not at all derogatory to their Christian character. Many of the clergy also gave it their countenance. The tone of *Christian* morals may be gathered from a single incident. In one of her letters Miss More says, "A visitor has just gone, quite chagrined that I am such a Methodist that I can not come to her party on Sunday, though she protests, with great piety, that she *never has cards*, and that it is quite savage in me to think there can be any harm in a little music." To pass through the ordeal of such society with robes untainted, is a pretty sure indication of strength of character and purity of Christian principle. Indeed, this strict observance of holy time was not only an effect, but also a *cause*—contributing largely to her habitual thoughtfulness and her elevated piety. Her biographer says that "wherever she was, in whatever company she happened to be, she was never afraid of appearing singular—singular as it often did appear, by a devout and respectful observance of the Lord's day." Her own account of the manner in which she occupied herself on the Sabbath will interest our readers. After mentioning that she went twice to church, as for the rest she adds, "I enjoy the whole day to myself. After my more select reading, I attack South, Atterbury, and Warburton. In these great geniuses and original thinkers I see many passages of Scripture presented in a strong and striking light. I think it is right to mix their learned labors with the devout effusions of more spiritual writers—Baxter, Doddridge, Hopkins, Jeremy Taylor—the Shakspeare of divinity—and the profound Barrow. I devour much, but I fear digest little." It was thus that in the midst of the blandishments and irreligion of social life, and with but few helps from without, the higher life of the soul began to dawn upon her.

Hannah More had now reached the age of forty. During several years her time had been divided among her friends. Sometimes we find her at Sandleford Priory, the country retreat of Mrs. Montagu; sometimes at the Adelphi, the city, and again at Hampton, the country home

of Garrick; and perhaps more frequently with her sisters at Bristol. She had now become satiated with fashionable life. She says, "I have naturally a small appetite for grandeur, which is always satisfied even to indigestion, before I leave town, and I require a long abstinence to get any relish for it again. Yet, I repeat, there are very agreeable people, but there is dress, there is restraint, there is want of leisure, to which I find it more difficult to conform for any length of time—and *life is short!*" As a natural result, she began to think of a home of her own. Her friends ridiculed the project; but a short time found her in possession of a secluded, thatched cottage—Cowslip Green—ten miles from Bristol. To this cottage she, who had shone resplendent in the literary circles of London, retired really to begin her life's great work.

While in this quiet retreat she found relief from the burdens of fashionable society and bustle of city life, there was one respect in which she found herself greatly disappointed. It is a case by no means singular, and is peculiarly suggestive. We can state it best in her own words as expressed in a letter to the Rev. John Newton. "I want to know, my dear sir," she says, "if it is peculiar to myself to form ideal plants of perfect virtue, and to dream of all manner of imaginary goodness in untried circumstances, while one neglects the duties of one's actual situation. Do I make myself understood? I have always fancied that if I could secure to myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, I should be wonderfully good; that I should have leisure to store my mind with such and such maxims of wisdom; that I should be safe from such and such temptations; that, in short, my whole Summers would be periods of peace and goodness. Now, the misfortune is, I have actually found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I do not find that I am one bit better; with full *leisure* to rectify my heart and affections, the disposition, unluckily, does not come. I have the mortification to find that petty and—as they are called—innocent employments can detain my heart from heaven as much as tumultuous pleasures. If to the pure all things are pure, the reverse must also be true, when I can contrive to make so harmless an employment as the cultivation of flowers stand in the room of a vice, by the great portion of time I give to it, and by the entire dominion it has over my mind. You will tell me that if the affections be estranged from their proper object, it signifies not much whether a bunch of roses or a pack of cards

affects it. I pass my life in intending to get the better of this, but life is passing away, and the reform never begins." The deeply-experienced Christian will thoroughly understand this state of mind; nor will any one find it difficult to divine what was the reply of the truly-evangelical man to whom these queries were addressed. Suffice it to say that the experience of the godly in all ages attests this, that *external hinderances* are only imaginary, those internal are *real*.

Up to this period, we have seen Hannah More in the *school of preparation* for her life's great work; hereafter we shall see how nobly she carried herself in that great work.

### "I KNOW THY PATIENCE."

BY PHILA EARLE HARDY.

O, not when bitter plaints  
And murmurings are heard,  
And all the spirit's depths  
With passions deep are stirred,  
Unsoftened by the weight of woe,  
Not then do I thy patience know.  
Not when rebellious thoughts  
Within the bosom lie,  
Because some hope is dead,  
Or broke is some sweet tie;  
Not when the stormy griefs uprise,  
Like threat'ning clouds o'er Summer skies.  
Not when across the soul  
The waves of discontent  
In wild, fierce billows roll,  
Till, o'er their fury spent,  
They leave a waste all desolate,  
Where dove-eyed patience can not wait.  
But pilgrim, worn and tried,  
Who've borne the cross so long.  
And learned, beneath its weight,  
To suffer and grow strong—  
The voiceless prayers that upward go  
I hear, and all thy patience know.  
Through chastenings and pain  
Thy way hath been along;  
Prayers have been in thine heart,  
And on thy lips a song.  
I know how patient thou hast been  
Through all earth's conflicts, cares, and sin.  
I know thy patience, saith  
The Holy One divine;  
But not to those who fret  
And bitterly repine.  
Only to those who struggle well,  
And learn sweet patience' holy spell.  
He knows our weakness well,  
How hard life's ills to bear;  
And yet with gentlest love  
We can life's burdens share;  
Then, when afflictions all are o'er,  
We shall be tried, O! never more.



## A PICTURE OF SHAKERISM.

MRS. MARY M. DYER.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the town of Northumberland, Coos county, N. H., Aug. 1, 1780. She was highly gifted by nature, and appears to have been favored by her friends with advantages for mental culture far above those usually enjoyed by the young ladies of her day in that secluded wild. Of these she evidently made good use. In 1799 she was united in marriage with Mr. Joseph Dyer, of Canterbury, Conn., and removed with him to Stratford, N. H. A few years subsequently we find them removing from Stratford to Stewartstown, where they were both converted and received into the Baptist Church. Mr. Dyer soon thought he had a call to preach; and feeling the care and burden of his young family to be a hindrance in the course of itinerant labors which he had marked out for himself, he conceived the oft-attempted project of a community or joint interest of Christians, so that the families of ministers should be provided for while they themselves were away upon their extended labors. This vagary introduced them to the notice of the Shakers. In July, 1811, both Mr. and Mrs. Dyer visited the Shaker family at Enfield, N. H. Mr. Dyer joined them at this time, and upon his return home set up their peculiar forms of worship in his own house. It was not, however, till two years afterward that they finally concluded to remove to Enfield and cast their lot with this strange people. Having written a joint letter to Elders Lougee and Lyon, of the Society at Enfield, and receiving favorable answers, they concluded, so soon as arrangements could be made to that effect, that they would remove thither.

In the Autumn of 1812 Mr. Dyer visited his friends in Connecticut, and took with him his only daughter and eldest son, intending to leave them with the Shakers at Enfield till his return, that they might better know how they would like, and also learn something more of Shaker customs. Upon his return home, instead of taking the children with him, he brought orders from the elders to bring down his entire family as soon as possible. Notwithstanding they seem to have entered into an understanding that something of this sort should ultimately be done, yet Mrs. Dyer made strong objections to the movement at this time. Finally, as a kind of *peace measure*, and with the solemn assurance of her husband that she should never be separated from her family, but should be permitted to live with and have the care of them separate from the Shakers; and if after a fair trial she could not feel con-

tented, should have liberty to return home with *all* her children, she started with the remainder of her little household, and arrived at Enfield in January, 1813. And here commences a series of persistent cruelties and persecutions in the history of this worthy lady, scarcely paralleled in the palmiest days of Papal superstition.

Arriving at Enfield, she found her little son, nine years old, sick. No house had been prepared for her reception—no preparations had been commenced toward such an object. Evidently it was designed that, like others, she was to live in the family, be separated from her children, and give them into the care of strangers. Her husband had remained behind to settle up his affairs, preparatory to removing from the place. Alone among strangers, *denied the care even of her sick child*, with no prospect of a home separate from the community, what wonder that her mother's heart yearned for her mountain home, with its holy quiet and its unrestricted freedom! She concluded to return, and asked for her two eldest children, but was denied, upon the plea that, as their father had left them in the care of the society, they could not give them up till he should demand them. She then requested the outer garments of the three youngest, whom she had brought with her; and to her utter astonishment was again denied. In her own words: "The elders talked harshly to me because I was *unreconciled*, and wondered why I came there with my unbelief, filled with my natural and carnal affections, thinking to carry my children back. I was the most abominable wretch on earth. For one who had the opportunity that I had enjoyed, to be so unbelieving, it was terrible. Elder Lougee stamped with his foot, and told me never to presume it again."

Baffled in all her attempts to obtain her children, she was obliged to leave without them. At a stroke they were all taken from her. She returned, alone and solitary, to her husband. Seeing the intense agony of her soul at the loss of all her little ones, he again solemnly promised that she should be permitted to act a mother's part toward her family. Cheered by this reiterated assurance, she returned in company with him to Enfield. She was received with much cordiality, and for some months was treated with studied kindness and attention. She began to think she had judged them wrongly, and that what she had taken for cruelty, was but the workings of an earnest, although perhaps misguided zeal for the cause of Christ. Wishing for the sake of her family, as much as for her own peace of mind, if possible to become fixed in the Shaker faith, she carefully read their books, joined with them in their worship, and even went so far as to yield to

the oft-repeated solicitation of the elders, that she would bear public testimony to the truth of this new way. They were evidently designing her for a high place in their economy, discovering, doubtless, that she had talents of a superior order.

While in this state of mind, thinking, probably, she had become too deeply imbued with their peculiar spirit to be moved by crosses, however severe, on the evening before her expected removal to the new home which professedly they had been preparing for her at Lebanon, some three miles from the Society at Enfield, she was called with her husband into a room to receive a "gift" from Father Job and Mother Hannah, the acknowledged head of the sect. This "gift" was as follows: "Joseph [Mr. Dyer] must live with David Taylor's family; Moses Atwood and his child may go to the new house at Lebanon; Mary [Mrs. Dyer] must stay here. Some of the children are to live in this family; others at the church. Mary may have the care of her youngest and Thomas Curtis's child at the same time, as they are about the same age. Now this is the feeling of Father and Mother. If you feel reconciled to the gift, you can say so." Mr. Dyer, who, as afterward appeared, had arranged this pretended gift with the elders, immediately answered, "I feel with Father and Mother in their gift, and am thankful for the privilege."

In this deliberate dashing of the fond hopes of a mother's loving heart, we obtain the first clear view of the real spirit of Shakerism. One of its cardinal doctrines is the crucifixion, at whatever cost, of the holiest, tenderest principles of our social nature. The pure love which causes a mother's heart to yearn toward the helpless infant she has borne, must be *utterly crushed out* before she can become a *good Shaker*.

Without being permitted to exchange a word with her husband, or even bestow a last parting embrace upon her children, the family was separated, her furniture unpacked and scattered, and the heartless "gift" of the "lead" carried into execution. What a condition for a loving mother!

In a short time Mr. Dyer returned to live in the same house with his wife; but according to Shaker law, they must not speak to each other, nor even *think* of each other as husband and wife. *The Gospel had separated them!* "If Mary wanted any assistance in care, she must go to the other brethren; and if Joseph wanted any favor, he must call on sister Lucy."

This condition of things will be better understood when we consider the Shaker doctrine of marriage. According to their *private* teachings, "none are married except such as are united by orders from the head. The gift of God will find

the man and woman who are created for each other in the new creation, and they will be placed together in their proper order in the Church. This was the intent of God from the creation. The man is the head of the woman, and the woman is the crown of glory which man was to receive in his redemption; but none were able to unite agreeably to the will of God, till the way was provided by the first mother, [Ann Lee,] and no man can be a real *perfected* Shaker without a woman!" And all this while they will unhesitatingly assert to the casual inquirer their belief in the non-validity of marriage. The above idea, however, runs through all their peculiar theology. The infinite power, which, according to their belief, is the *male* part of the Deity, is crowned with the infinite wisdom—the *female* part of his nature. The *man* Jesus is anointed with the Christ, and hence becomes perfect; but he must be united to the *woman*, Ann Lee, anointed with the same spirit, before he can receive *his crown of glory!* To represent this dual Deity, that is, Power and Wisdom, they have their god-father standing in the "lead" with their god-mother, their elders, each of which has his "better half," or "crown of glory," and so, as an unavoidable inference, the above doctrine of the relation of the sexes must, in consistency, be true, whatever they may profess to the "world" to the contrary.

Soon after the distressing occurrence just related, Mrs. Dyer was subjected to another trial. She was summoned to a room where she found her husband seated with a number of Shakers, both male and female, at a table. One of the elders put into her hands a writing which she was requested to examine. To her dismay she found it a written contract for the delivery of *all* her children into the *absolute* power of the Shakers. This she was requested to sign. She refused. They stated that she had traveled in redemption as far as she ever could till she had done this. Still her mother's heart shrank for such a cross. From argument they resorted to artifice. "Mary," they said, "this is not done to take your children away from you, for we believe you the most fit person to have the care of them; it is only for the trial of your faith, as Abraham was called to give up Isaac. If you will sign the writing, and thus show your faith in God, [that is, the elders,] you shall have the care of your children." Mr. Dyer signed the contract. Seeing no way of escape, and wishing to conciliate, as far as possible, those who, in alliance with her husband, had such strange control over her destiny, she suffered herself to be prevailed upon to accede to their wishes, and with many protesting tears, appended her name to the fatal in-

strument. In seeming good faith they permitted her, for some weeks, to have more care of her children than before; and then, under the plea that "*natural affections must be destroyed*," they were all taken from her. To quote her own language, "I was obliged to pass by them when sick, and see their wishful eyes follow me without being permitted even to inquire after their health." On one or two occasions some of them were so sick that their lives were despaired of, and she knew nothing about it till long afterward, although they were under the same roof with herself.

We have not space to give more than a running sketch of this broken-hearted woman during the subsequent years of her painful experience with the Shakers. The agony of oft-repeated separations from her family, *together with other trials, of so peculiar and gross a nature, as to be wholly unfit for these pages*, so wrought upon her health, that it was soon thought she was in a swift and fatal decline. This was pointed at by the elders as the judgment of God for her great sin of disobedience. She desired to leave the society, feeling that she had little to stay for, as her children had been taken from her. They refused, saying, "God will not suffer you to go away. None have ever left this people with the knowledge of us that you possess; *and these things are never going to the world!*" She was kept a close prisoner, was among total strangers, and forbidden to write to her distant friends. Most persons would have despaired, but Mrs. Dyer was not of this number. Though closely watched, and weakened by disease, she *resolved to escape*. On Friday, after forming this resolution, her two youngest children came, by some chance, into the room where she sat alone. She had scarcely time, however, to take the youngest in her arms and address to it a few words of maternal endearment, before they were followed by an eldress, rudely torn from her arms, and dragged from the room. On Saturday she obtained an interview with her husband, and frankly told him she should leave, and reminded him of his previous promises. He replied, "I have no more right to take care of you than of any other woman; the Gospel has separated us, and you are no longer my wife." She begged for her youngest child—she pleaded for it upon her knees and with tears, but "Nay, Mary," was the only response. On Sunday, while the family were at Church, artfully eluding the vigilance of the watch which had been set over her, and snatching her darling Joseph from an adjoining room, she escaped from the house, hailed a man who chanced at that moment to be passing in a sleigh, and was by him driven rapidly to another town. *O, that ride with her precious boy!* She forgot the past, forgot the

intense cold, forgot that she was thinly clad, forgot even her weakness and pain, in the happy consciousness that she had her darling one clasped in her loving arms. But, alas! her joy was of brief duration. Scarcely had she found a friendly shelter beneath a stranger's roof, and while she was yet repeating the story of her many wrongs, the enraged father entered, and tearing the little one from her embrace, bore it back to its bondage. Such is Shakerism.

Though Mr. Dyer had repeatedly declared that Mary was not his wife, alleging that the Gospel had separated them, yet in February following, for some unexplained prudential reasons, he advertised her as his lawful wife in the public journals of the day. Without a home, and yearning to be near her children, though deprived of the care of them, she took advantage of this act of her husband, and with some friends as witnesses, returned to Enfield, and demanded his care and protection, free from the bondage of Shakerism, and with perfect liberty of conscience. This he solemnly promised, and promised that she should have secured to her all the privileges of a wife and mother. Her friends went their way, and she remained with the family. Instead, however, of doing as he had agreed, she was immediately locked into a room and treated with great cruelty. She supposed she had no redress, as this was done at the bidding of her husband. Though protesting against the cruelty and *dishonesty* of these acts, she did not for some time seek a second opportunity to escape, for here, though a prisoner, *she was near her family*. Providence would occasionally favor her with hasty glances of the loved forms, as they were employed about the premises. This simple fact, so well understood by every true mother, explains much in the conduct of this poor woman, which might otherwise appear unaccountable.

The Shakers seem now to have changed their minds, and appear resolved by cruelties and persecutions to force her again to leave her husband, that thus he might be freed from the necessity of supporting her. He seemed full of madness; would often enter her room, and shaking his fists in her face, would exclaim, "*Confess your sins to the people of God, or go to hell!*"

But the public had been made acquainted with her peculiar trials. They had heard her strange story, and were indignant at the atrocity of her treatment. In consequence of this public sympathy in her behalf, Mr. Evans, one of the Circuit Judges, in company with another man of standing, went to the elders, and demanded an immediate cessation of these cruelties. They made, as usual, fair promises, but the very next day the husband was sent some thirty miles to

engage board for his wife among perfect strangers. He returned and carried her away. Being unable to live away from the place where her children were confined, she returned to the society, but was refused admittance. She says, "I wandered about the village to get sight of my husband and children, till grief and fatigue brought on a sickness with fainting. I then strove to get to a world's family for relief. I was a number of times obliged to lie upon the ground when I thought I should never walk more." Baffled in all her efforts, she was obliged to return without seeing either her husband or little ones. Again she returned to Enfield, and in the presence of Judge Evans told them that if they would let her converse with her husband and children apart from the Shakers, she would leave them, go to her friends, and never trouble them again. They refused. She then offered to converse in the presence of the Judge. Still they refused. The Judge departed. They ordered her away, but she refused to go, saying that "where her husband and children were, that was her home, and she should not leave till she had seen her family." At length Mr. Dyer entered the room, and in a great rage seized her and endeavored to eject her by force. She resisted, and caught at the casings of the door. An eldress loosed her hold, and she fell violently into the hall. Stunned by the fall, she remained for a time unconscious. Recovering, she was again seized, rudely forced from the house and borne to the public street, where she was left. Here she sat for some time. The sun went down; the cold Autumn evening was rapidly setting in. They feared she would perish, and requested her to seek some shelter for the night. She refused, returning them the same answer as before. After some time Mr. Dyer came, and aided by another man, rudely placed her in a wagon and drove to an old storehouse, where she was locked up for the night.

Being fixed in her determination not to leave alive without an interview with her children, it was at last granted. But she must not see them alone. Accompanied by Shakers, they are again ushered into her presence. Intimidated by fear, there is no outgushing of love from their young heart. The interview is constrained and full of anguish. Like prisoners, as truly they were, they are led out of her sight, and she is left to weep alone. She leaves the place with a broken, bleeding heart.

The subsequent time till 1818 was filled up with constant struggles, such as only a mother could make, for the liberation of her loved ones from cruel slavery. She drew up a petition for a law of redress, and personally presented it before the Legislature of the State. With the eloquence

of burning words and flowing tears, she pleaded her own cause. She fortified herself with a host of well-authenticated facts, but was met with unscrupulous and wicked slanders by her persecutors, and all the legal power which their associate wealth could command. Mr. Dyer appeared before the public with a pamphlet, in which he charged her with the grossest acts, and as bearing a vile character among her former friends. This pamphlet elicited, from every part of the State where she had been known, the most complete refutation of the baseless charges. Her case was put over till the next meeting of the Legislature, and ultimately she was defeated. She returned to Enfield and demanded the assistance of the town authorities. Finding he could not avoid giving her a support, Mr. Dyer came from the Shakers with a new "gift." "Mary may come and see her children, and if they are willing to go with her, they may go." He also invited a number of witnesses to accompany her. Accordingly, two prominent citizens with their wives accompanied Mrs. Dyer to the village. Here, doubtless fearing the result, for they dreaded the positive influence of this strong-minded mother over her children, the company are put off with various excuses, and only after great persistence is the promised interview permitted to take place. The children were evidently prepared with their answers, and thoroughly drilled in the part they were to act. Taking her little boy upon her lap—that loved one which had already been twice torn from her loving arms—she asked him, "Would you not like to have me take care of you, if it was a gift?"\* He looked up with a glad smile and said "Yea." The instant this answer was uttered, so different from the Shakers' calculations and probable instructions, the child was rudely torn from its mother, and with the others hurried from the room. She returns to her friends. Her husband soon follows with his smooth tongue and fair words. According to the statement of Mrs. Willis—a personal and valued friend of the writer, and who is still living—sworn to before Joseph Newell, Esq., "A few days after Mrs. Dyer came to our house in Enfield, her husband followed her and said, 'Mary, I have now come to carry you home with me, and am going to take care of you myself, as you have requested.' Mrs. Dyer replied, 'I am afraid you will carry me to the Shakers.' He answered, 'Nay; you shall

\* She knew well that she must put the question in this form, as the child would not dare to give an affirmative answer upon any other condition. He, young as he was, had been taught that every thing must come as a "gift." Evidently the Shakers did not expect this form of question.



have a house separate from them, where I will live with and take care of thee myself.' She asked if she might go to meeting among her Christian friends, and visit and receive visits from them. He replied, 'Yea, and I will find thee a horse to ride.' She asked, further, if she might cook her own food, and manage her own work unmolested. He replied, 'Yea, you may.'"

Accordingly, in company with a young lady living with Mrs. Willis, she returned with her husband. Her friends remonstrated against her going, but such was her desire to see her children and to live with her husband, whom she never believed acted toward her in his former cruel manner of his own free will and accord, that she quieted her own fears and went. Arriving at the family, she found no house prepared for her. It is only anticipating the reader's conclusion to say *she was again imprisoned*. The friend who accompanied her states upon her oath, "In the morning we went down stairs into a room where were a number of Shakers. Presently Mrs. Dyer attempted to go out of the door with me; a number of Shakers crowded into it so that we could not pass. We saw the outer door was locked, and she asked the reason. Her husband said she was not going out, and crowded her back. He desired me to go. She was frightened, ran to a window, and tried to get out. Her husband clinched her, thrust her into a chair, and held her there. I was so frightened I could scarce stand. She saw my condition; said I might go as I could not help her. In a few days after, I, with two other females, went to see where she was. The Shakers refused us entrance into their house. The woman who came to the door said, 'We have got Mary, and we can take care of her.'" Evidently it was their fixed determination that she should never depart alive.

We have no heart, had we space, to introduce our readers to the cruelties and persecutions, the agonies and sufferings which were daily experienced by Mrs. Dyer, in this her *last* imprisonment, at the hands of her perjured husband. We hasten rather to say, that upon one dark, starless night, the good providence of God again, for the third time, favored her escape, and though she was sought for with lanterns and torches till the noon of night, she eluded their vigilance, and again arrived among friends; and although she was followed by her husband, and, but for the resolute interference of a stranger, would have been carried back, yet so thoroughly was the public aroused, and their sympathy enlisted in her behalf, that no further attempt was made to interfere with her liberty.

Thus we have hastily followed Mrs. Dyer through some of her more prominent sufferings

while under the power of this strange, wicked people. But had we gone into the details of her sorrows, as we have ample data for doing, and exposed all the windings and subtleties of Shaker barbarism, deception, and wickedness, we should have swelled this sketch into a volume. It now only remains for us, before closing this article, to answer a few questions which the candid or the curious may wish to propose; and,

1. *Has the writer confidence in the truth of the "Narrative" from which this paper is condensed?* We answer unhesitatingly, yes, entire confidence. The book is crowded with affidavits from persons of the highest standing in society, many of whom are my townsmen, and numbered among the warmest friends of my parents. I know them to be persons of unswerving integrity. They testify to acts performed by Shakers so atrocious in their nature, so wicked and impure, that should I detail them here, the public might well hesitate to believe them possible upon any less positive evidence than I possess.

2. *Did Mrs. Dyer obtain her children?* Not immediately. Some of them have since left the society, and are good and honored citizens. Others still remain. Caleb, the eldest, is the leader at the Church, or Senior Society, at Enfield. I have met him often, and he is probably one of the most talented men in their society. He strongly resembles his mother. The father, I think, is dead.

3. *What do we know of the present condition of the mother?* She still lives, bowed by the weight of fourscore years, chastened by many sorrows and afflictions, but now, as ever, a humble, earnest, trusting Christian woman. Often have I heard her voice in prayer, and listened to her testimony in the social meetings, to the power of Christ to save; and frequently have I passed her little cottage away up on the sunny side of Mt. Calm, and never but with a sigh of sympathy for her past bitter experience, and an earnest prayer that at last she may find the "rest for the weary" in heaven.

#### TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man, or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but so to love a man that you can not bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truth through loving words—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Our enemies usually teach us what we are at the point of the sword. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

## THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY THREACE TALMON.

ON the summit of the Castle San Angelo, in Rome; the traveler in search of the beautiful and renowned, beholds a majestic angel in bronze, with wide-extended wings, as if just about to ascend to the clouds. In the time of Gregory the Great, a fearful plague spread its deadly shadow over all the Eternal City; during which, one day Gregory was crossing the bridge Angelo, and, doubtless, meditating upon the work of the destroying angel, when suddenly looking upward, he saw upon the top of the Castle the archangel Michael with open wings, about to take his departure to his own realm. The plague was immediately staid; and his Holiness caused a statue to be erected upon this spot, which, however, owing to the ravages of war, subsequently gave place to the present erection.

But this is only one of the multitude of relics of the supernatural to be seen in the vicinity of the Papal throne. How is it, asks the tourist, that while the old world, and especially the seven-hilled mistress of cities, abounds with imprints of extraordinary footstep, in America there is such a total dearth of angels and ghosts? We have no madonnas standing like enmarbled dreams in grand, vast cathedrals, dusk with the accumulated beauty of centuries; no angels with clasped hands, and faces radiant with the ecstasy of heavenly visions, in perpetual memory of marvelous deeds; no subterranean temples, with cold pavements composed of squares of marble, each of which is a trap-door to dark and unfathomable mystery; no cavernous chambers, where burn a hundred tapers to the Blessed Virgin, and along whose shadowy aisles reverberate the clank of chains and rattle the diapason of skulls; no grottos sacred to elfin abode, or fountains with consecrated waters, or monumental pile devoted to a patron saint; no tombs containing bones of curative power; nothing, absolutely nothing, consecrated to the beautiful, the awful, and the indescribably fearful in the unseen world of spirits.

Ghosts are most disrespectfully used in America. We do not appropriate to them a resting-place for the soles of their feet, but turn them out ruthlessly beyond the pale of civilization.

The foreign visitor is pointed to our battle-grounds, where was spilled the blood of our brave fathers in defense of their country and her altars; to our monuments in honor of these illustrious dead, all too few as they are; to our numerous buildings commemorative of the perpetual activities of our great systems of political econ-

omy; to our myriad institutions of learning, where our youth are fitted for the noblest utilities of life; to our armies, which alike are the protection of our frontiers and the pride of our inland fortifications; to our navies, which whiten with their sails the waters that touch upon every prominent shore under heaven; and to our Churches, where, thanks to Divine Providence, there are no prelates who open or shut the gates of everlasting life with imperial keys, but where whosoever will may come and take of the waters of life freely.

Visions of goblins and the powers of the air are generally born of idleness, which is the ground-soil of idle fears. Let a nation, a family, or single individual, of necessity be employed in acquiring a livelihood, or in defending property from encroachment by hostile neighbors, as are pioneer people, and they have no time for ghosts. I never heard of a ghost in a cotton factory, a mechanic's shop, a school-house, or other industrial establishment. Spirits will not be seen in such places, bodily. They prefer to patronize the still, dark, tenantless mansion, or some old, tumble-down pile that has a name and a story therewith.

If any soul becomes afflicted with supernatural presence, he has only to busy himself upon that for which he is best adapted, and he needs fear no farther intrusion. "Labor conquers every thing," is as true of ghosts as poverty.

But in every human mind is implanted a belief that there is a world of spirits—an existence beyond the confines of death, peopled with various orders of intelligences, which sustain some sort of relation with ourselves. The skeptic says, "Throw it away, legend, saint, Bible, faith, all." The superstitious would retain all to the farthest and most marvelous limit. "Whoever is fond of the golden medium is serene," says Horace.

I knew of a learned materialist who strove to establish that man was but a higher developed order of animal. Something in this wise he reasoned: "All men are animals; animals sprung from nothing; therefore, all men sprung from nothing." He could just as wisely have put the syllogism in this form: "All men are animals; some animals have long ears; therefore, some men have long ears." He asserted that there is a kind of ape which so nearly resembles the lowest form of man, that one can scarcely discern the difference. This man could condescend to arguments of this character, who would not receive the "folly" of a Butler, a Paley, Alexander, Boyle, Newton, Haller, and others.

Such are often the products of a superstitious education. If a child is instructed, especially by

example, to believe a class of statements as truth which he subsequently proves to be false, he will naturally associate all facts which bear the least relation to that class with unqualified error. An infidel thus unfortunately educated, gives out that his children shall have no religious bias; they shall be left perfectly free to form opinions without prejudice. Meantime, he spares no pains to poison their minds against Christianity in general, and all Christians in particular. He sows the seed of bitterest prejudice both in the morning and evening—in his going out and coming in.

To him whose faith is without works, I have only to remind him that whosoever does unto his neighbor what he would not have that neighbor do to him, though he wear the longest of faces in a most shocking disfiguration; though he fast twice a week, and make all who sit at his table fast also, willing or no; though he give half the goods which he has cheated from his fellow-citizen to benevolent objects; though he cry "Lord! Lord!" in the most solemn of exhortations, the day will surely come when he will hear the words, "I never knew you."

There are those who, if they hear a rat in the wall, conclude it is the ratification of evil; if a dog howl three times, a grave will be dug for some friend in less than three weeks; a "death watch" is a forerunner; and thus through all the category of supernatural phenomena.

Another class, not given to superstition, are confounded by the so-called new spiritual developments. They would not be troubled, could they well avoid it and be true to their new observations. Every reader of sacred and profane history must be perfectly aware that there is nothing new in the recent spiritual manifestations, not even in form or degree. To look only at profane testimony, and that of a recent date, we find in Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, in Catherine Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature*, Jung Stilling's *Works*, the book of Cahagnet, and others, sufficient testimony to the existence of parallel phenomena having been in the world in every age. They have been of two classes: those which are an effluence from good, and those which are an effluence from evil. The first account of this supernatural influence is that of the temptation of Eve. From thence, down through all the generations of men, we read of interposition from the invisible world by open vision, dreams, voices, writings, etc. Many of these come from evil spirits; therefore, their influence is evil. Satan, in innumerable disguises, insinuates himself into the avenues of the heart, and if not promptly resisted, his influence is quickly felt in the life. That every living soul is attended by both good and evil spirits from the moment of

birth to the hour of death, is not only recognized in poetry and allegorical writing, but generally by all in their intuitions. Every one is sensible of being liable to temptation, and actually experiencing its power; and as none can be tempted of God, it is obvious from whence proceed temptations. Our Savior was tempted in the wilderness by Satan, whom having resisted, angels came and ministered unto him. Likewise may we be tempted, and if perfectly resisted, we may be guiltless. If every one, when he was thus assailed by the evil powers of the invisible world, reflected that evil spirits were actually present, endeavoring to hold parley with him, and so seduce the *will* into sin, he would be less off guard and more prepared for his foes. But since it is the nature of such influences to endeavor to make appear that they are a part of ourselves, and to conceal their real essence and capabilities, we are prone to think their suggestions to be but the promptings of our own nature, and so more readily yield. This is especially seen in the sin of anger. Our evil spirits suggest to us manifold considerations to induce us to lavish wrong feeling upon one who has offended, while we are prone to conceive that we have just and sufficient cause for all such demonstrations. The tempter knows all our salient angles, and is prepared to make the most effective attack. To him who has a natural taste for intoxicating liquors, he comes with the seduction of scenes where are arrayed every guile to inebriety. He whispers to the soul that he is a dupe to resist the natural, and therefore perfectly-harmless, passion for such gratification. Every other shade of argument is presented to the trembling will, till, having first consented to the wicked parley, he soon yields to sin. A habit is formed which requires a strength born only of God to break.

The better and nobler we are through steadfast resistance of evil spirits, the better and nobler the spirits who attend us. A law of Sir Isaac Newton in physical science, that "matter attracts matter in the reciprocal ratio of their masses," is equally true of the spiritual action. This is not only true of invisible influence, but of that which is seen through the exterior life. We are all conscious of likes and dislikes toward persons in our common order of existence. We like those whose tastes, principles, and habits conform to our own, and the reverse. We may, therefore, judge of ourselves and others by the adage, "A man is known by the company he chooses." After death, all the disguises and conventional veils which are now worn will be torn away, and we shall then know as we are known. Even now, to the discerning, these disguises obtain but little. It is difficult to seem what one is not.

The most natural of all spiritual communications to man is dreams. Ordinary dreams obviously result, according to Stewart, from a series of thoughts not under the command of reason. "The more the influence of the senses is suspended," says Euler, "which is the case in very profound sleep, the more regular and connected our dreams are." But there is a class of dreams which would seem to be the result of an agency higher than the natural. Many are the instances in Scripture, of persons being taught of God respecting his will concerning them, by dreams. It is not incredible that there are persons now, and have been in all ages, to whom God has permitted good angels thus to minister. Every reader of intellectual phenomena remembers examples of dreams which actually proved to be prophetic. Such, indeed, are too numerous to require a single illustration. Practically-philosophical reasoners upon this class of intellectual operation, confess that there are certain inexplicable dreams which must be resolved to that class of mental phenomena for which we can not account.

Milton's description of Eve's dream on the night before her temptation, is one of the finest passages of his immortal Poem:

"Glad I see  
Thy face and morn returned; for I this night—  
Such night as this I never passed—have dreamed,  
If dreamed, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
But of offense and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night."

She then proceeds to narrate the dream, concluding with,

"But O, how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream!"

From the fact of minds of strongest caliber and most practical operation having dreams worthy of record—perhaps few in a lifetime—we deduce the conclusion that there are dreams which result from a concatenation of causes entirely dis severed from the natural. The thought has been suddenly arrested in its ordinary course during sleep, and held fast by a supernatural influence, whose operation has reached to the natural sense, and then gradually or suddenly resumed its natural functions. In proportion to the accompanying tenacity of the senses in retaining such impressions, is the subsequent use of them by means of the memory. We have reason to believe also that presentiments sometimes, though very rarely, are given to persons. But in visible phenomena such as apparitions, wraiths, etc., we have little faith. They are resolvable to diseased states of the brain, superinduced by excitement or intemperance.

The Bible is the only infallible standard by which we may judge of any phenomenon, or faith deduced therefrom, whether it be the formal *ex cathedra*, or the informal *ex curia*. By their fruits ye shall know them. If any class of supernatural manifestations obviously tends to the subversion of revealed truth, and the practice of it in the life, it plainly proceeds from evil and evil spirits. We have only to reject it *in toto*. It has been alleged that the recent spiritual developments have effected good by the conversion of persons to faith in the existence of a world of spirits. But we doubt the permanence or excellence of a faith thus originated in a mind which resisted all its innate convictions, and the plain "Thus saith the Lord," in the Sacred Word. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, they will not believe though one should rise from the dead." They may cherish a kind of belief which will abide for a time, but having no root well grounded in the truth, it soon withers and perishes altogether. On finding the fallacy of some of these "communications," they become disgusted, and return to an unbelief tenfold more persistent than before.

Doubtless we might be honored with a higher degree of evident direction from Heaven, through the means of pure and holy intelligences who are near us, ready to be attracted to goodness, did we live lives of great purity and faith—did we "walk with God" as holy men of old who were his prophets. That soul which is in peace with God and the neighbor, having wrought righteously and accepted Christ as the fountain of all righteousness, can hear the divine harmony of the spheres, and all the works of the universe, by a system sublimer than that originated by Pythagoras touching the music of the planetary spheres.

"If, O ye orbs, ye never yet have spoken  
In language audible—still let me feel  
Your silent concord, o'er my heart unbroken,  
In holy influence steal!"

And let me trace in all things beautiful  
A natural harmony, that soothes, upraises;  
So it may wake a soul too mute and dull,  
To everlasting praises."

Let this "natural harmony" be love to God and cordial obedience to his will; then will our rapture exceed the "sacred frenzy" of Kepler, who exclaimed concerning his discovery *De Motibus Planetarum*, "I dare ingenuously to confess that I have stolen the golden vessels of the Egyptians, and will build of them a tabernacle to my God." May we so live that the glory of the Lord will shine round about us in all our life-paths; that we shall be ready to exclaim, "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" It is even possible



to eat angels' food, and to have every meal blessed as a sacrament, if we eat in remembrance of the Lord's body broken for us. On all our possessions may be inscribed "Holiness to the Lord," and we may glorify God both in our bodies and in our spirits.

It is certain, from what we have read and observed, that the most pious souls on earth have been under the peculiar care of benign spiritual influences. "So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." If we are led by the Lord and his "ministering spirits who are sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation," we need fear no untoward influence of the supernatural powers of darkness, though we are told that we have to wrestle against them; "but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

The nearer we walk with God the more do we realize his holy presence. The more we give allegiance to Satan, the oftener shall we be surrounded by his ministers. It depends on ourselves—humanly speaking—by what supernatural influence we mold our lives. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "The Lord is with you while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you." From the fullness of Him that filleth all and in all, may we derive grace and strength to inherit that sweet and ineffably-consoling promise: "My presence shall go with thee, and *I will give thee rest.*"

#### OUR FIRST STATION.

BY E. F. CHARY, D. D.

OUR appointment was a pleasant one—a small circuit. It was above our merits or hopes when we were sent to it; but the year passed pleasantly away, and we made no calculation about moving for that year. Many facts led us to hope that we would remain another year. The people had been very kind, and had showered upon us good wishes, presents, blessings. The feeble health of Mrs. C. seemed to bring out a thousand attentions, which ended in as many endearing ties which it seemed hard to sever in one short year. We had enjoyed some revival, and the work did not seem to need any change to secure greater efficiency. Mrs. C.'s health at the end of the year was so feeble, her state so critical, that no one dreamed we could be removed. A babe, only three weeks old when the Conference met, was a sufficient ground of our

strong confidence that no change would be made. The stewards, in anticipation of our return, had rented a neat cottage near our old home, and all of our arrangements were made to stay. Alas, for us! Little did we know of the necessities of the itinerancy. We thought, in our ignorance and innocence, that appointments imperiling an itinerant's usefulness and happiness by destroying his wife's health, would not be hastily made; we thought that it was not possible for us to move, and if we should by any chance be obliged to do so, we supposed a very short move would be given. With these feelings we waited to hear the appointments. They were read out; making some rejoice, some sad, some indignant, some almost mad. We were in the last class, though our appointment was a station—*our first station*. We saw, at a glance, all the perils and difficulties, not to say cruelties, of this appointment. Our faith, at best not very great, could see no Providence in the arrangement. Would Providence send a helpless woman, with a young babe, over a hilly, miserable road a hundred miles, in the Fall of the year, when twenty persons much nearer could do the work as well as we? Would a merciful God require us to lay aside all the maxims of prudence, and jeopardize the life of those that were dear, to serve strangers that had no claim on us for such sacrifices? We hastily conned these thoughts till our indignation rose to rebellion, and we secretly resolved we would not go. We were not quite as amiable as usual, on the way home from that Conference; but when we reached home, instead of sharing our indignation and counseling rebellion, that meek, pale sufferer, with tearful eyes and throbbing breast, expressed her willingness to go. Subdued and humbled by such courage, such heroic self-sacrifice, we did not even tell our rebellious thoughts, but began immediately to prepare for the move. We wept on parting with friends, and started on that weary journey. The weather was cool, damp, disagreeable. We had a sad journey the first day. Mrs. C. was cold, sick, exceedingly feeble; the babe was fretful; and prayer to God for strength alone kept us from the wickedest suggestions in reference to all the parties privy to this cruel move. At night we reached the house of a sympathizing friend, where every thing that human kindness could do was cheerfully yielded to make us comfortable. We need not dwell on the incidents of travel, the details make the heart sick. It is enough to know that the poor, feeble mother, in this terrible move, hopelessly broke down in health, and found no more rest till she found it in the grave, where many Methodist preachers' wives have gone in the same way. We reached our station.

Our reception was cold, formal, and simply courteous, not kind. It was in exact contrast to our hopes, and our former experience. Our house was devoid of conveniences or taste. It was a wretched shell, and utterly unfit for a habitation for man. It would scarcely make a respectable claim shanty on a Western prairie. The church—they had none, but simply some brick walls covered, unfinished, hopelessly involved. Old debts; old quarrels; family feuds; complaints of former preachers; no place to preach; no kind friend to stand by us with means; no Sabbath school; an occasional class meeting, where stereotyped experiences were told; Mrs. C.'s health worse; children sick. We desired a scourge to whip out the money changers and drovers from *no place*, for we had none—no temple, *no shed*, no grove even. Add to all of these *no money*, and you have an idea of our temporal blessings in our first station.

Our allowance was magnificent, and the manner of making it characteristic—we hope, peculiar. The official members met in our *parlor*—a splendid apartment about nine feet wide, and twelve feet long, more or less. They put down our children and ourselves *per capita*, according to Discipline, and then began to cipher on the precise amount it would take to feed us. The bill ran up in about this way:

3 barrels Flour.....	\$15 00
2 bushels Meal.....	1 00
1 bushel Beans.....	50
1 do. Onions.....	50
10 do. Potatoes.....	2 50
10 do. Apples.....	2 50
200 pounds Meat.....	10 00
Sugar and Molasses.....	10 00
Coffee and Tea.....	8 00
Milk, Eggs, and goodies.....	10 00
Total.....	\$60 00
Spices—an after thought—and extras of various kinds.....	15 00
Whole amount.....	\$75 00

Which, added to the quarterage, made the enormous sum of \$307, which they hoped they could pay if we could take a good part in provisions. The principal man in figuring up this splendid result was only worth about \$50,000; another of these immortal financiers was worth \$75,000. The charge was then, perhaps, the richest in the Conference. While this merciless calculation was being made, Mrs. C. was sitting weeping and burning with indignation alternately, as she heard herself, her husband, and little ones provided for by a gauge of their stomachs, a measurement of their size, and a nice reckoning of the probabilities of their consuming a bushel or a bushel and a half of beans. Her heart sank under the deep disgrace, and from that time to the end of the year we endured simply. Some good,

true, noble souls were there to weep and pray with us; many good friends who secretly conveyed to us charities that the world never knew; noble men, not members of the Church, volunteered to help us; and noble women, like angels, encouraged and strengthened us. The bonds of a holy brotherhood cemented many hearts to us, and let sunshine on our darkness. We hoped in God, and worked with all the means we had, till we saw a flourishing Sabbath school; a large congregation; a good church finished and paid for; a Church thrashed out of many mean notions; a good revival; many converted to God; our salary, such as it was, all paid; and much more contributed by men who did not sound a trumpet before them in the work of doing good. We were through with our first station, and have the consolation of believing that every other preacher since at that place fared much better than we did.

The reminiscences of that year came fresh to our heart to-day, as we sat in our *empty* house, and remembered our companion, now sleeping on yonder hill; and weeping, we thought of that fatal move. From that time the weary years have passed, and the disease contracted then has preyed upon the precious life, till the heroic sufferer has fled to a better world. The terrible date, like Job's sad day, is burned upon our memory, and will ever stay there connected with the image of its martyr.

We heartily approve the itinerant system, but after many years' experience, we believe there are many totally unnecessary rigors connected with it. There are hundreds of martyrs to it. We never believed, and do not now believe, that our removal at that time was under the Divine direction. God blessed us and approved the work, but we regarded the appointment as an instance of human frailty, and not of Divine wisdom. We submitted then to do a thing for the sake of the Church, that the whole world could not have induced us to do for any other consideration. The move was contrary to our judgment, and crushing on our heart; and now it bleeds afresh over a desolated household. Amid the pitiless storm raging around us to-day, the form of one like unto the Son of Man appears and says, "I will be with thee." It is enough, O Jesus! The loved ones are only removed to a happier sphere—only ascended on high to be forever with thee, O my Savior! Bright visions come up from the darkened past, and heaven hangs out signals from its radiant battlements! The way of life is bright with celestial light, and over the grave bends the bow of promise, always on the bosom of the cloud which hides Him whom we love!

LITTLE WHITE CLOUD.  
A FAIRY STORY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THERE was no place in all the old, brown homestead that we children thought was half so pleasant as aunt Lucy's room. To be sure, we could have no noisy romping there, as we did in the great garret under the cobwebbed rafters, for dear aunt Lucy was an invalid, and her cheek was always as white as the pillow it rested against in the easy chair. But there were beautiful pictures on the walls, and delicate tea-roses, and fragrant geraniums in the south window; and there was the open fireplace with its sheets of yellow flame, and piles of deep, glowing embers, where our childish eyes could find cities, and palaces, and troops of fairies; and best of all, there was aunt Lucy herself, gentle, loving, and patient; with some word of comfort for every trouble, and a wonderful store of stories that never was exhausted.

One dreary Winter evening we all sat around the dancing fire, watching the long, dusky shadows that went trembling over the walls, as the firelight flashed and faded. No one spoke for a long time, but we were all thinking—some of pleasant things, and some of sad. Robert had been reading aloud to aunt Lucy a poem that we children could not understand, but we loved to listen, for his voice sounded to us somehow like the low, deep notes they used to play on the organ after the benediction was said. Robert had finished, and now he sat with his finger between the leaves of the book, looking at a picture that hung where the light fell clearly on it, and aunt Lucy, with her eyes shut, was softly repeating to herself two lines from the poem. By and by Kitty and I got tired of the stillness, and nestled down together upon the hearth-rug, and began to look for pictures in the fire, talking at first in whispers, and then out loud. When we grew tired of that, Kitty drew a low footstool close to aunt Lucy's chair and sat down upon it, with her little curly head resting on aunt Lucy's knee.

"If you only would tell us one little story, aunty," said she, stroking the thin hand that was laid against her cheek; "not a *grown-up* story for Robert, but a regular fairy tale, like the stories in Julia's fairy book."

Aunt Lucy smiled softly, and folded Kitty's fat little hand closer in hers, and after a few moments she told us this story of *Little White Cloud*.

"There was once a fairy named Little White Cloud, and her mother's name was Silver Mist.

She was born in a beautiful valley, where a little lake, with a border of rushes and wild roses, nestled away among the meadows. Silver Mist had always lived there, and often in harvest time the reapers would look toward the little valley at sunrise, and if they saw her thin white robes shining like silver just over the edge of the water, they took down their sickles and went out to cut the grain, for they knew it would be a fair day.

"When White Cloud was born she was a very little creature, no bigger than your hand; but she had wings, and she went sailing up in the air and flying over the hills. She was dressed in white, and she held in her hand a cup of the purest, sweetest water in the world, that her mother, Silver Mist, had given her. As she went wandering about, she saw a place where a great many beautiful creatures, dressed in robes of the brightest gold, were dancing and frolicking about, and she thought she would go and see what they were doing.

Now, these creatures were Sunbeam fairies; and as she came sailing up to them, they stared at her till she blushed as red as a rose, and before she could get away they drank up all the water in her cup, so that she had to go back to Silver Mist and get it filled again. 'I will never go near those Sunbeam fairies again,' she said; and then she went flying off toward the mountains.

"Presently she met a great crowd of fairies like herself, only they all had on brown dresses, and their cups were a great deal larger than hers was.

"'Where are you going, Little White Cloud?' they asked.

"'O, I am going to the mountains,' said she, 'to sail over the pastures where the sheep nibble the daisies.'

"'Come with us,' said the fairies, 'and help us water the flowers down in the valleys, and fill up the little brooks, for the Sunbeam fairies have stolen all the water out of them.'

"'O, no!' said White Cloud. 'I have only a very little cup of water; it would do no good at all.'

"But the fairies bade her come; so she went sailing along with them, and they washed the dust off the green leaves, and watered the thirsty flowers, till the daisies in the pastures looked like blossoms of snow, and the pink roses were as fresh and soft among them as a baby's cheek; and they filled up the little brooks, so they went dancing over the pebbles again, and running merrily along into the larger streams that turned the mill; and the large streams went dashing against the wheels, and the wheels turned round

as busily as ever, while the miller stood in the door and sung,

'From morning bright till dusky night  
I love right well to hear  
The wheels go round, with merry sound,  
The water dashing clear.'

By and by, when their cups were all empty, the fairies scattered in every direction, and Little White Cloud went very wearily back, and rested all night near Silver Mist. Next morning, with her cup brimming full, she started for the desert, and flying along, she saw a traveler almost ready to faint with the heat. 'Ah!' said she, 'it is but little I can do;' but she spread out her thin robes and floated like a veil between him and the sun, and sheltered him a little from its fierce rays, so that the traveler looked up and said,

"What a blessing that Little White Cloud is! Now, if it would only rain, I think I could cross the desert safely; but the springs are dry, and there is only that one little cloud in the sky."

"Away went White Cloud, flying about till she found the brown fairies, and they all together filled the springs, so that the traveler quenched his thirst and went on his way, singing,

'Thank God for the water that singeth  
Among the sweet flowers of the lea;  
But more for the fountain that springeth  
Alone in the desert for me!  
I list to the sound of its chiming,  
And my spirit springs up and is glad;  
So fall the sweet words of affection  
On hearts that are weary and sad.'

"This is all I can tell you to-night about White Cloud; but she is always flying about doing little deeds of kindness, and although she can only give a drop of water to a thirsty bird, or wash the dust off some little choking wild-flower, yet she tries to do all the good she can."

"O, thank you, auntie!" said Kitty, jumping up from her seat. "I mean to be Little White Cloud myself, to-morrow, and see how many little things I can do to help people. Mother called me 'Kitty Underfoot' to-day, because I was in the way all the time; but I'll have a better name than that." Then Kitty sat down again, and rested her chubby cheek upon her hand, looking very soberly into the fire.

"What is it, Kitty?" said aunt Lucy; "what is the little one thinking about now?"

"O, I do n't know, auntie," said Kitty. "I was only thinking I could n't do much good after all; and then I thought of my verse last Sunday, and I am so glad I remembered it." And Kitty repeated it slowly, stopping sometimes to recall a word: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only,

in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Aunt Lucy was weary, so we kissed her softly and went out. She was thinking of something besides the fairy story, for I remember now that, as we closed the door, she sat there in the fire-light with her white hands crossed upon her lap, and we heard her whispering to herself,

"For even now my feet  
May be treading upon the brink;  
I may be nearer home—  
Nearer now than I think."

"Does n't she look like an angel?" said Kitty, as we went down stairs. Dear, gentle aunt Lucy, she is an angel now, for our Father has taken her home.

### THE OPERA CLOAK.

BY SHEELAH.

"SEE my new opera cloak, Miss Maxwell! Is it not beautiful?" exclaimed a gay and lovely girl, as she came smiling into her governess's room, carrying in her hand a cape of white merino, tastefully and elaborately embroidered.

"It is, indeed, my dear, a very beautiful and elegant article!" replied the lady, surveying with evident admiration the rich and fanciful garment, now laid upon the graceful shoulders of her pupil.

"I am so glad to get it to-day," said the young lady with animation; "I want it to wear to the concert this evening."

"Of course it is paid for," remarked Miss Maxwell, after a momentary pause.

"No, ma'am, not yet," was the stammering avowal. "I have not the money till the first of the month, when I shall receive my allowance from papa."

"Sit down, Louise," said Miss Maxwell gravely; then, taking the handsome cape, she folded and laid it on a side table, and, seating herself near her pupil, she asked,

"How has it happened, my dear, that you were without money to pay for this beautiful work?"

"Well, Miss Maxwell, I have not been more extravagant in my personal expenditures this month than usual," pleaded Louise; "but there have been more demands, of a charitable nature, on my purse which I could not refuse; and last Sunday, you know, the missionary collection was taken up in Church, and the minister was so urgent, that I put all the money in my pocket on the plate. That was what left me short; and I know you will not blame me for giving to a good cause."

"I never blame you, my love, for spending



your money as you please, so long as you spend *only your own*; but in this case, I am sorry to say, you have not been quite honest. [Louise started.] It sounds severely," continued Miss Maxwell, "but I wish you, dear, to see the matter in its true light. From the day on which you ordered that article, the price of it was no longer at your disposal; it remained with you, in trust for the workman, to be paid her when your order should be executed, and you had no right to expend it. It is well to give in the cause of charity—'God loveth a cheerful giver'—but the laborer has the first claim on our consideration; the wages of work are legal dues, which should be satisfied before we can afford to be generous."

"I am sorry that it has happened," said Louise; "but it would have been worse if Miss Doyle had been a poor person who needed the money."

"All are in need who work for hire," responded the governess; "and their earnings are often as acceptable to persons of genteel appearance as if they were in the condition of those whom you designate poor. But the point at issue is not whether the employed party is an object of commiseration; what wages are earned should be freely and promptly paid; and more of the spirit of true charity is contained in this simple adherence to justice than the most profuse alms-giving displays."

Miss Maxwell paused; and then, as was her wont when instructing her pupil in any principle or duty, she took her Bible, and opening it handed it to Louise, designating a passage, and the young lady read in low tones, "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night till the morning." Without removing the book from her pupil's hand, she turned over a few leaves, and Louise again read: "At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it; for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee."

"Such were the commands of God to his ancient people," said the governess; "and that the Christian Church was bound by the same law we also see;" as turning quickly to the Epistle of James, she pointed to a verse, handing the book to Louise, who read: "Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

Miss Maxwell had nothing to add to the words of Scripture; and kissing her fair pupil, she dismissed the subject with a hope that the error would not occur again.

For some time the young lady sat still, evidently in deep thought. At length she spoke.

"I have been thinking, Miss Maxwell," she said, "that perhaps Miss Doyle did require that money. Upon recalling the scene, it seems to me that her countenance expressed disappointment when I said that I could not pay her to-day. Perhaps, ma'am"—and the rosy lips quivered, and the long lashes drooped over the downcast eyes as she continued—"perhaps you could kindly oblige me with the amount till—"

"Certainly, dear, I will gladly supply you," said the governess, cheerfully.

"And, Miss Maxwell, I should like to go with the money myself and apologize to Miss Doyle, if it would not be troubling you too much to ask you to accompany me."

"Indeed, my love, I shall go with much pleasure," was the ready assurance; and pupil and preceptress were soon out upon the honest errand.

In a plain boarding-house in a retired street, the ladies found the embroideress; and Louise's heart sunk, when Miss Doyle appeared, to perceive that her eyes were red from recent weeping. The money was immediately tendered, accompanied by a frank apology; and then came a tale of difficulty which brought tears to the soft eyes of the child of prosperity.

Miss Doyle was not suffering from hunger or cold, but want of sufficient employment had left her in debt to her landlady, and the sum to be received for the opera cloak had been promised to defray this debt; but the work was finished, and the embroideress brought home no money to her landlady. This tried the temper of the latter, who uttered some hard things against the honesty of her boarder; expressed a doubt that a rich man's daughter could be without cash in her purse; intimated that the money had been received and disposed of in some other way, and over this insult the embroideress had been weeping when her visitors arrived.

Louise asked to see the landlady, determined to take all the blame of this unpleasant affair upon herself; and then she learned that the poor woman owed a bill to her butcher, and, relying upon Miss Doyle's expectancy, she had promised to pay him that day. But Miss Doyle failed to pay her; consequently, she was obliged to break her word with the butcher, who was so rudely abusive under the disappointment, that she became irritated to say to Miss Doyle more than she could have wished.

The lesson received that day by the fair daughter of fortune was of lasting avail; and now, as the wife of one of our most distinguished citizens, she is known, by all the working community, for honor in her dealings, and punctuality in her payments.

## KATAHDIN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

**A**LONE, in the central wilderness of Maine, that State of unappreciated grandeur and beauty, stands old Katahdin. Out of the midst of a country which, upon the south, east, and west, is comparatively level, this mountain rears its bold and rugged head, a mile in perpendicular altitude, into the clear northern sky.

On the north are other lesser elevations; but with the exception of one at a distance of some twelve miles, called "Traveler," it is not known that they have any distinctive title. They are merely the footstools and the train of Katahdin.

Maine is, for the most part, a hidden and unknown land. If it were not for the mountains, and lakes, and fashionable groves of other States would long ago have found that they have there formidable rivals. Travelers quite familiar with the White Mountains, on gaining the summit of the solitary sentinel of the wilderness of Maine, have declared that—although in reality far less in altitude than Mt. Washington—Katahdin presented a scene of sublimity, magnificence, and strange, indescribable beauty, such as they had never imagined, much less beheld.

The base of Katahdin occupies the greater portion of four townships six miles square. The form of this mountain is that of a horseshoe, having two great wings, northern and southern, curving toward each other, and surrounding a tremendous opening called the Crater, though geologists assert that it never *was* a volcanic crater. This opening is half or two-thirds the depth of the whole mountain, and it measures about a mile and a half across, from wing to wing. It is of a round form, presenting, to one looking down into it, the appearance of a vast potash kettle. On the curving southern wing of Katahdin are three or four peaks above all others in height. One of these, called "The Chimney," has under it, in the deep basin two or three thousand feet below, a little lake called by its own name, "Chimney" Pond. This lake has five acres surface, and is thirty feet deep. No living thing inhabits this crystal water. Still, cold, and solitary, it lies there looking up to the sky; and to one standing upon its shore, the sense of isolation from the world and all that therein is, is most complete, for about him are the mountain walls, and over him is the vault of heaven; nothing else can he see. Besides Chimney Pond, there are five others on the mountain; one said to cover fifty acres, and to be very deep. Whether fish are in any of these ponds is not yet known.

As one stands upon the wings or peaks of Ka-

tahdin looking down into the crater, the breezes, the mists, and the clouds that come up into one's face, and the chill that creeps to one's very marrow, do not seem much like the influences which ascend from a seething pot. This basin is the great storm caldron of the mountain. Nature plays rare freaks in the privacy of Katahdin's crater. The play of the Titans was hardly more terrific than her stormy gambols there with thunder, lightning, wind, and hail, and rain. To one of nerve and courage equal to the adventure, a night's encampment on the shores of Chimney Pond, with the full play of one of Katahdin's storms about his head, would be an experience worth remembering and talking about till the day of his death.

The piles of rocky fragments—some of the rocks as large as houses—lying in confusion in the basin, and covered with a stunted growth of trees, give evidence to the geologist, as do also the rent granite boulders of the wings and peaks, of lying now where they were left by the Almighty Hand six thousand years ago. Tossed about like feathers in the convulsions through which Katahdin rose, at red heat, hissing through the primal floods, they settled on his brow and in his heart to the repose of ages.

The storms which are brewed in the basin of Katahdin, fill the hearts of the Indians of Maine with awe, and their brains with superstitious fancies. They firmly believe that Pamolah, the devil, resides in the basin, and that from thence he sends out the tempests of Summer and the bitter storms of Winter. They tell wild and romantic legends of his exploits, and of his love adventures. In the ancient time, before the foot of the white man had polluted the soil of Maine, this grand and not unattractive devil was accustomed to visit the abodes of men. He came in a noble and stately form, gracefully paddling his white canoe over the moonlit lakes and rivers, and the people used to make him offerings to obtain his good will.

On one of Pamolah's excursions, he found a beautiful maiden in great distress, because she was to be wed, at the will of her cruel father, to an old and ugly, but rich and powerful chief. Pamolah stopped to comfort her, and, when they would have given the maiden into the ugly chief's hands, lo! she was not to be found. The father was distracted, and the withered suitor nearly died of rage at his disappointment. The country was searched in vain, as were all the green islands up and down the river; but the lovely squaw was not regained. But they beheld her again. She came down the Penobscot in the white canoe when the midnight moon shone on its waters, and beside her sat Pamolah. So the Indians have

a saying which they repeat whenever a beautiful maiden proves refractory: "Devil catch new handsome squaw."

The picturesque beauty of the panorama seen from the sides of Katahdin can hardly be surpassed. And all is so still—*so still!* Ah! that silence! It is more impressive than the roar of Niagara. It is overpowering to ears that have been accustomed to the din and jar of city life. The great, solemn wilderness! seeming utterly destitute of human life, it strikes the spirit of the observer through with profoundest awe!

The endless, primal forest, broken but by river, lake, and bright cascade, causes one to become almost a skeptic as to civilization and cities.

Many romantic lakes, from forty to sixty in number, can be seen from this mountain. And the flashing waters, gleaming up from the dark, rich green of the forest, render still more beautiful and charming the scene. As far as the eye can reach seems one unbroken wilderness; but the traveler can find, nestled away in all this solitude, many a snug and hospitable dwelling, and much comfort for himself and his party; for the hearts that beat in log houses are warm, generous hearts; and the hands that clasp the stranger's, when he travels through Maine, are friendly, honest hands; and whoever visits old Katahdin, may be sure of a welcome wherever, amid the fastnesses over which it stands sentinel, he sees a human face. He may be sure of help if he needs it, and of a "Godspeed you!" when he continues on his way.

#### AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

DO N'T be afraid of a little fun at home. Do n't shut up your houses, lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Do n't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

#### THE ROBIN HAS COME.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

THE robin has come! What a pleasant sound!  
How our pulses leap with a merry bound,  
While listening to its song!  
For it tells, as it flits on its gladsome wing,  
That Spring has come—the beautiful Spring  
For which we've waited so long.  
It tells the snow has gone from the hills—  
Of freedom again for the laughing rills,  
Long bound in an icy chain;  
And the sunbeams warm o'er the tree-tops creep,  
Waking the birds from their Winter's sleep,  
And the flowers are coming again.  
"The robin has come!" shouts the gladsome boy,  
As he hears her song in its gushing joy,  
While he sits in the cottage door  
All bathed in the sunshine's golden flood;  
And he dreams of long rambles thro' the wood,  
And over the hills once more,  
To search 'mid the leaves for the blue-bird's nest;  
On the fresh, green, velvety grass to rest  
When tired of roaming about;  
Or to wander along by the singing brook,  
In its crystal waters to toss the hook  
In search of the silvery trout.  
"The robin has come!" says the farmer; "all hail!  
The wild winds have uttered their last rude wail,  
And gone with the frosts and snows."  
And he turns up the soil to the warm sunshine—  
He scatters the seed, and pruneth the vine,  
Whistling for joy as he goes.  
For, in visions bright, he vieweth again  
The soft winds toy with the golden grain  
In the fields his hands have tilled;  
And the delicate hue of the luscious peach,  
And the crimson apple within his reach,  
With which his orchards are filled.  
The robin has come! and the grass leaps out;  
And the dear little children, with song and shout,  
Like lambs skip over the green.  
And the poor and the old, so feeble and thin,  
That all the Winter the storms kept in,  
In the sun's warm rays are seen.  
The robin has come! O'er the sick one's face  
Radiant smiles like sunbeams chase,  
And the light comes back to her eye.  
With joy she heareth its welcome lay,  
And watches the clouds as they float away,  
Leaving a calm, blue sky.  
Through the long Winter, all racked with pain,  
On her low couch so weary, she's lain  
And sighed for the gentle Spring;  
But there's hope in her heart, and she trusteth now  
That the winds, so softly kissing her brow,  
Will health, sweet health to her bring.  
Welcome, sweet bird, is the song you sing;  
Welcome the tidings of joy you bring—  
Tidings of happier hours—  
That Winter has gone with the winds so drear,  
And Spring, the beautiful Spring is here,  
With birds, and buds, and flowers.

## OUR MINNIE.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON.

I 'm sitting by the cradle,  
Where our darling Minnie lies  
In slumber soft, while angels  
Are smiling from the skies.  
I watch her heaving bosom,  
Where no pang of sorrow lies;  
No grief within that little heart—  
No tear-drops in her eyes.

I'm thinking of the future;  
I am dreaming of the past,  
And gazing on life's current  
That surges on so fast.  
I ask myself the question,  
While my fancies rove so free,  
"O, in the coming future  
What will our Minnie be?"

These little dimpled feet of hers,  
With which I thoughtless play,  
Will wearily fall often  
Upon a thorny way;  
And sore and bleeding will they be  
If, tempted, they are found  
Treading, with heedless steps, upon  
The dark, enchanted ground.

And then my heart goes up to God—  
How anxiously I pray,  
"O, keep these little feet within  
The straight and narrow way!"  
This little hand, beneath her cheek,  
Perhaps, on some glad day,  
Within another's may be placed  
To give her heart away.

But rather would I feel in it,  
To-day, death's startling chill,  
Than live to see her eyes with tears  
Of wedded sorrow fill.

For bitterer tears of sympathy  
The living often crave,  
Than those who find in infancy  
The quiet of the grave.

Thus I sit and watch our darling,  
And the misty future try  
To pierce, and read its shaded page  
With fancy's curious eye.

I can not shield thee, darling,  
But I know there is One nigh  
Who sees the future, clearly  
As the past that's flitted by.

I know that Power above us,  
Which all things can control;  
And wisdom that will guide us  
To life's attractive goal;  
And love that wraps thee all around,  
Beyond a mother's care—  
In those strong arms I place thee  
With a mother's earnest prayer,  
Knowing that evil can not find  
Our darling Minnie there.

So I sit me by thy cradle  
And gaze on thee, my child,

Lost, in thy gentle slumbers,  
So peacefully and mild;  
I see the coming conflict,  
I hear the thunders roll,  
Yet rest me on His promise  
Who all things can control;  
Nor shall my heart be troubled,  
Though all I can not see,  
Nor answer well the question  
"What will our Minnie be?"

## THE SNOW-COVERED EARTH.

BY GEORGE W. TELLE.

WHAT means this magic change, O Earth!  
This wondrous change in thee;  
This emblematic robe of white,  
This spotless drapery?  
When night sat rayless on thy breast,  
Did'st meditate surprise,  
And thus arrayed thyself to greet  
The morning's opening eyes?

Or did some angel messengers  
From purer realms above,  
Descend to thee on mission sent  
Of mercy and of love?  
And that they might, while here below,  
With no defilement meet,  
Bring carpet, woven in the skies  
And spread it for their feet?

Ye little, white-robed visitants,  
Why come ye thronging so?  
Why leave your home among the clouds,  
And seek the earth below?  
To me ye seem, fair, white-winged ones,  
Like wand'ers seeking rest,  
As thus ye come and softly lie  
On earth's cold, cheerless breast.

As thus ye come, I think of those  
To whom 't is kindly giv'n—  
Though ye are purer far than they—  
To seek for rest in heav'n;  
And are not called, as ye have been,  
At last to seek it here,  
Where sin defiles the purest things,  
And starts the bitter tear.

Perhaps 't is meet that ye should come.  
To me it doth appear  
That nature wears this robe of white  
To shroud the dying year;  
That it, now ripening for the grave,  
And soon to breathe its last,  
May go, with garments white and clean,  
To join the mighty past.

When I am called upon to die,  
Let me be thus arrayed!  
Let emblems of a heart made pure  
Upon my breast be laid!  
With garments washed in blood divine,  
With shouting and with song—  
Thus let me pass from earth away,  
To join the heavenly throng.



## MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

TRELLISTON, JULY 8, 18—.

DEAR PAUL,—I think, mon ami, that you are very presumptuous to expect a letter every fortnight. What am I to fill them with? You say very encouragingly that you shall learn by heart the merest village gossip if it has had the good fortune to interest me. Especially I am desired to issue semi-weekly bulletins in regard to my poor ankle. It is better, I thank you. I begin to hobble about very respectably without the aid of my crutches.

Who do you think has moved into the upper regions of the brown house opposite? It is too large for our city proprieties, so they rent the chambers. Guess quick, or give it up. Did n't I nearly jump out of the window in my delight, when, after three days' preparation and arrangement of furniture by a strange colored woman, who was overseen by all the neighbors, I saw our own May Leslie and her husband alight at the door and take possession! Think of it, Paul, May Leslie, the sparkling belle of a year ago, the pet of all our circle of exclusives, come to keep house in that old brown mansion in Trelliston! You have heard all about Mr. Leslie's misfortunes and failure in business; so you will not be surprised that they should leave the city. Besides, May is not strong and needs the invigorating country air as much as I do. I was not long, you will believe, in limping across the street to welcome them.

"Maddie Hascall! is it possible?" exclaimed May, throwing down and smashing a dressing-glass that she happened to be holding, and quite upsetting, in her hurry to reach me, one of the Misses Poole, who had come in to offer a cup of tea to the travelers. "Why, you dear good soul, where did you come from? Where are you staying? I thought you were at Newport."

"No, May, I am staying at my uncle's in that cottage just across the street."

"It is that sweet, shady place that we admired so much, Tom," said May, running to the window to look again. "I really thought, Maddie, that we were to stop there, till Tom drove up to this old concern. How snug and home-like the cottage looks compared with this great oven! I say, Tom, do find a fan somewhere."

"It is a very warm afternoon, May," said Tom deprecatingly.

"This is the very place I read of last week. I have no doubt the people bake corn-dodgers on the bricks outside in the sun. Not a bit of shade any where. —Whew! I'm beginning to bake my-

self. What are you laughing at, Madeline? I shall be crisped all over before sunset. Tom, how could you hire this horrid place—this furnace of affliction?"

"My dear," he answered, hesitating as he saw Miss Poole's color deepen at these rather questionable compliments to her residence, "I did the best I could. I did n't think of trees. We will have blinds on the inside of the windows, which will make a vast change in the light and temperature. I will see about them to-morrow. Only try to be happy and to rest this evening, and we will soon find a way to make every thing comfortable. You are keeping Miss Poole waiting."

May was easily pacified and cordially accepted Miss Poole's invitation. She even insisted that I should sit down with them, which a little decomposed the three sisters, who had to rearrange the tea-table to make room for me.

As May ran on in her careless way about the last Winter, its concerts, lectures, and parties, and appealed to me at every fourth sentence to confirm her opinions, I could see that I was an object of curious interest to the Pooles. They had called at aunt Lucy's, but I was confined to the sofa with my poor ankle swathed in a bundle of flannel and with a general aroma of wormwood and rum scenting my costume. You will infer that I made no special effort to be agreeable. I had since returned their call with auntie, but with no disposition to cultivate their acquaintance. I was as silent as possible. In vain aunt Lucy favored me with expressive side-looks by way of admonition, in vain she attempted to draw me into conversation, I was as bearish and uncouth as—as a Californian. "One would think, Madeline," said aunt Lucy, after we had returned home, "that you had never been in society at all. Dear me, how awkward you are!"

So you see, Paul, they had a right to be a little surprised at May's revelations. The country hoyden was a fashionable city lady after all, and their sudden deference to her was amazing. Shall I describe them to you, without prejudice or malice aforethought?

The eldest, Miss Martha, is a tall, spare woman, of the case-knife order of beauty—sharp, black eyes, a little oblique like the oriental visuals, and with a little tuft of hair on the back of her head, with which is twisted a slender wisp from above each ear. The top of her head, "the place where the hair ought to grow," is perfectly bare, Miss Martha considering it a ministering to carnal vanity and a bad example to wear either false hair or a head-dress. She has lost every alternate tooth in the upper jaw, and her mouth, which is prominent and inclined to be open, seems to be inclosed in a picket fence. But "what is

beauty but a name?" As to her mental powers, I remember auntie's counsel, and will not yet judge her; but between you and me, Paul, I do n't mind owning that she acts on me like a moral rasp—she sets my teeth on edge with her sour suspicions and obscure insinuations.

The second sister is the household drudge; she does the scrubbing and cooking, and seldom speaks unless spoken to. Her domain is the kitchen, and she does not leave it to make calls or to receive them, or even to attend Church.

The youngest, Miss Nancy, prides herself upon her acute sympathies. She is short and fat, with a greasy, parboiled complexion. There is nothing of the lachrymose order that is too trivial to call forth a shower of tears from her eyes. Real tears, Paul. The prophet wished that his head was a fountain of waters. Well, Nancy Poole's head is in that condition, and it is never dry. If real trials get scarce she tries imaginary ones.

"It is impossible to give you an idea," remarked Miss Martha, when, on my comparing a little statuette on the mantle to a similar one in the village cemetery, Miss Nancy burst into tears and retired, "quite impossible to make you understand how much sister Nancy suffers from sympathy with others. There will always be some sad associations of thought with that little plaster fisherman after what you have said, Mrs. Hascall. We shall have to take it down, though, it being merely ornamental and only pampering a taste for display, I wonder that it was ever placed there."

Miss Nancy came back in time to finish a hearty supper, though her tears still flowed. Did you ever know a thoroughly-benevolent person whose head was in such a moist state? There is old Jacob Filer, of Orange-street. To be sure, I have seen the tears start in his eyes when he has heard a tale of genuine distress, but he is too active in his measures for relief to think of making a parade of the pearly drops. With him it is more to the purpose to empty his purse than his skull, and it has a better general effect than if his sympathies all ran to water.

There is aunt Becky Goodenough—every body's aunt—the most capital nurse in dangerous fevers, the most tireless watcher, the most faithful, self-sacrificing friend in the world; and a perfect sunbeam every-where. Who ever thinks of tears in connection with her? If you meet her in the street in the shadowy dog-days, you seem to see her cordial smile brightening every thing before you are near enough to distinguish her features. Your aunt Lucy makes me think of her.

At first Miss Nancy's wet condition quite

troubled me. It seemed a sad thing to be always dissolved in grief like *saleratus* in bonny-clabber, but I soon found that she enjoyed it. You know that May plays and sings charmingly. The Pooles are all fond of music, and the simple pathetic melodies that May chooses often do not, I suppose, strike them as being too secular for their orthodox principles. I think no one could hear them without emotion, but Miss Nancy gets the most out of them, or, rather, they get the most out of her. Such torrents of water! But I am sure that it is not the pathos of the music or the sentiment that affects her. As an experiment, last evening I ran over the chords of "Rory O'Moore," and it had the usual damp effect. Indeed, it is like tapping her for the dropsy to strike the keys at all. "May," said I this morning, when she came in after her milk—aunt Lucy sells milk—"May, why do n't you tell Nancy Poole to stop sniveling when you are singing?"

"Because," she answered, her every dimple lighting up with fun, "I could n't bear to offend her. She would be so convenient in case of fire."

How uncle Thaddeus laughed! May is a pet of his, and he enjoys her good-natured sallies of wit. She calls him uncle, and both he and aunt Lucy seem to believe in the relationship. He was giving me a detailed account of the great freshet last Spring, and May sat down, milk-jug in hand, to listen.

"I think the river never was so high before. Every house on that low street had the rooms on the ground floor filled with water, and inhabitants escaped in boats from the chamber windows. A great deal of property was destroyed and one poor woman was drowned, but the damage, taken as a whole, was much less than had been apprehended."

"I wish I had been here then," said May. "I do so love excitement, especially if there is no danger."

"It was a sad excitement, my dear. Sick persons, who had been confined to their rooms all Winter, had to be exposed to the inclement weather; some who were bedridden had to be hastily removed without regard to the comfort of the conveyance, and many poor people lost all they had, and were not only homeless for a season, but entirely destitute. The smaller dwellings were in great danger. Most of the out-houses were carried down the stream, and when the river was at its greatest height hundreds of people crowded on those hills back of our church, expecting to see all that lower point swept away. But I am spoiling your breakfast, Madeline," said uncle, pointing to my untasted coffee.

"Tell them about Mrs. M'Clonner," said aunt Lucy; "it will be a restorative."

"Well, girls," uncle Thaddeus brightened up at once as he obeyed, "she was an old Irish woman, who lived and lives yet in a small unpainted house by the river-side. She had made it her business to sell rum, and had just got a full supply of liquor on hand when the freshet came. She would not leave her premises for fear of theft. In vain was she urged and warned; in vain did boat after boat approach the attic window where she sat on a barrel of the precious liquor, with offers of assistance; she would not budge an inch. I can see her now, leaning out of the window and viewing the angry waters with the most sublime contempt and indifference."

"'It's the rum ye're after,' she shouted in reply to our expostulations, 'an' fine good liquor it is, to be shure. Sorra a bit do I blame ye, but it's no convanient jist now to accommodate ye. Wait a bit. It's a thrifle too wake ye would make it, an' yees mix it wi' all this wather.'"

"'You 'll drown, old lady, if you stay there. You 'll lose your rum and your life too.'"

"'It's cowards ye are, an' liars besides. It's a charm I wear, an' all the wathers o' this hiritic land have no power over me at all. It's the unclane conscience ye have, poor crathurs. Och-one! had ye but seen the howly eel in the sacred well o' Ballahadinen! or the blessed trout o' Ballina! D' ye think that St. Pathrick will forget his own? Och! the weary stations I've made on me knees at his own haling well o' the county Down!'"

"'Come down, mother, while ye may. Dinnot wait to brag o' yer goodness.'"

"'It's no asy to drown the good Catholic. Away wi' yees. I spit on yer big wathers. I hear yees, Cathariene O'Brien. Ye may slink about in the crowd an' belave all the nonsense, but ye're the first one to coom for a soop o' good drink whin the way is open.'"

Uncle Thaddeus imitated the rich Irish brogue to perfection.

"Did she stay there, uncle, alone?"

"Yes. No one could persuade her to move, and to this hour she taunts her Irish customers with their want of courage and piety."

Aunt Lucy is calling me to tea, and I can smell the delicious strawberry cake that she is baking. But I must stop to tell you that Miss Nancy cried so heartily at Church last Sabbath that one of the good brethren thought she was anxious about her soul, and in his sincere joy and zeal stepped up to inquire into the state of her mind as soon as the service was over and opportunity offered.

I just saw a little ragged boy go timidly up to the opposite house and rap at the door. Miss Nancy came to the door and turned him out of

the yard without any ceremony. He is crying, poor fellow, and he looks very pale and thin.

Hark! it is aunt Lucy calling him. I will run down and see what is the matter. As for you, truant wanderer in a strange land, I am only too glad to say good-by. MADELINE.

P. S. If you do n't write longer letters, you will get no answers. M. H.

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AUTUMNAL RHYME.

BY JOSIE B. WRIGHT.

I HAVE been rambling, wandering,  
Out in the forest to-day;  
I have caught the breath of the zephyr  
As it sported blithe and gay;  
Tossing the bright leaves to and fro,  
Playing coquette with the flowers, I trow,  
Lifting the curls from my weary brow,  
Now here, then far away.

I have sat by the dancing brooklet  
And heard the farewell chime  
Of the song-birds, e'er departing  
For a brighter, sunnier clime;  
And the music notes, so soft and clear,  
Methought as they rang in my list'ning ear,  
Were mingled with grief for the dying year,  
For this is the Autumn-time.

I have searched over hill and valley  
For the few remaining flowers,  
Which linger still while the fair, frail buds,  
Which grew in our garden bowers,  
Have drooped and faded, ah! long ago;  
Gone from our sight like a mist of snow;  
Perished with beauty all aglow,  
Like the loved and lost of ours.

I have gazed—with eyes admiring—  
On the tops of the tall old trees,  
All wreathed in a brilliant coronal  
Of red and yellow leaves.  
O, never did fairy-land boast a sight  
More full of beauty, more fair and bright,  
Bathed in a purer, holier light,  
Than that crown of Autumn leaves.

I have heard the sweet, sad music  
Of the distant water-fall,  
And the happy laugh of childhood  
Rang through the rock-bound hall  
Of that dim, old cave, so dark and drear,  
Which sunbeams never reach to cheer,  
But whose rippling waters are pure and clear,  
And whose wonders the heart intrall.

And I come, with a few pale blossoms,  
From the scenes that I thought sublime,  
While my heart is full of the music  
I have caught from the warbler's chime;  
And I'm thanking thee, Father, thanking thee,  
For the untold beauties of flower and tree,  
For the lesson of life they are teaching me,  
In this beautiful Autumn-time.

# NOTES ON THE FATHER-LAND-RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

MY first introduction to British Christianity was, as one might suppose, in the Wesleyan connection. We landed at Liverpool on Sabbath about midday, and in the evening I found my way to a Wesleyan chapel. The service was at 6 o'clock. The chapel was of the plainer class, corresponding with the general appearance of the congregation. The preacher for the evening proved to be the Rev. George Bowden. He was a young-looking man, of an agreeable aspect, rather tall, and somewhat slender. His voice and manner were pleasing. The introductory services were solemn and impressive. His subject was Christian faithfulness, or, rather, unfaithfulness, on which he preached an excellent sermon—practical, forcible, and full of evangelical truth. I heard few better sermons in England, and seldom hear better any where. It showed more than ordinary talent. Yet there was no striving after effect—no aim at novelty. Though rich in illustration and abounding in useful thought, it was delivered with entire simplicity and without the slightest apparent effort at effect or consciousness of any superior claims. Mr. Bowden, I understood, is a graduate of one of the Wesleyan theological institutions. If he is a fair specimen they must be a blessing to the Church. After the sermon the communion of the Lord's Supper was administered, of which I partook, and found it peculiarly refreshing after the voyage, and on my first introduction to what was to me now as a foreign land.

At the close of the service I made myself known to Mr. Bowden, and learning from him that the Wesleyan Conference was at that time in session in Manchester, only thirty-one miles distant, the next day I made my way thither. The Conference was held in Oldham-Street Chapel. This, if not the handsomest, is the most venerable of the chapels in this city, for around it cluster the most sacred associations. It was built in the days, if not under the eyes, of the revered Wesley, and from its pulpit he often dispensed the Word of Life. By the kind attentions of Drs. Hannah and Jobson, whose names and persons are so familiar to many on this side of the Atlantic, I was soon introduced to the Conference, and, out of respect to my official position, honored with a seat on the platform. As the sessions of this body are not public, and it is only by courtesy that a stranger is admitted, it would be a manifest impropriety and a breach of honor to give publicity to their doings. Yet

there was nothing that required concealment, or that would not bear publication. This practice of secret session prevailed at one time with ourselves. The first Conferences I attended were restricted to ministers, and it was only by degrees that the door was opened to the public. I am not sure that we have gained any advantage by the change, and I am very certain we have sustained some injury. However, we must follow the spirit of our institutions. We sat with closed doors as long as we could, and only yielded from necessity; and I am much inclined to recommend our British brethren to follow the same course.

The British Wesleyan Conference would strike any observer as a superior body of men. They impress one most favorably by their external aspect and bearing. While many bore a strikingly fine personal appearance, all had an air of high respectability. This is the more noteworthy, because they are not like our General Conference, a picked body, but are taken from the common mass. Probably two-thirds of the whole number of ministers go to Conference, the rest remaining to attend to their work. One is struck with the vigorous, healthful look of the ministers, few pale visages being seen among them, and no bilious or dyspeptic countenance. They very generally have the English characteristics of full, fresh, ruddy cheeks and high color. They have also a much greater portion of old men than our Conferences contain. This may be because a larger portion of the young men remain at their work; but I believe it is also owing to the fact that the average of life with English ministers is longer than with ours. This is due partly to the climate, partly to their diet, and not a little to their active habits. Having nothing of what we call stations, every man travels a circuit, and it is the general practice, the appointments not being very far apart, to go on foot. The exercise is greatly conducive to health.

In looking over the Conference I was much struck with the change which had taken place since I visited it in 1826. Many places filled by distinguished men were now vacant or occupied by others. There were then the noble Bunting, the scholarly Clarke, the mighty Watson, the eloquent Newton, the brilliant, melting Lessey, the distinguished and apostolic Reed, with many others of almost equal note, as Townley, More, Entwisle, and Sutcliffe, of precious memory, who have all finished their course and gone to enjoy the crown above. All these were uncommon men, and would have been men of mark any where. We look in vain at the present day for men to fill their places. Not but that there are able men in the body now. This is not what we mean. But there are no men to stand in pre-



cisely the relation that they sustained. But this arises from the general condition of the Conference. As with ourselves there has been a considerable elevation of talent, learning, and character. The average is much higher than formerly, and it would require very extraordinary ability indeed to give any one now the same prominence that a Clarke, a Newton, or a Bunting occupied. But no doubt there is there, as with us, a much greater number of able men and excellent scholars than ever before. We have now no men that occupy the position among us that William Beauchamp, Henry B. Bascom, Wilbur Fisk, Bishop Robert Emory, or Stephen Olin once possessed. But their prominence was not a little owing to the fact—and this we say without detracting in the least from their conceded superiority—owing to the fact that there were fewer able men around them. They would have been great men any where, but they appeared still more so when they had few or no competitors. One can not but see how God works wisely and provides for the necessities of his Church. In a day when the general standard of mind and learning was low, he provided some men with uncommon endowments to be the guides and leaders in Zion; in the present day when the general standard is so much elevated, such individual prominence is not needed and is hardly possible. God is not accustomed to waste talent on the one hand, nor on the other allow a faithful Church to be without a requisite portion to manage her affairs and carry on her work.

I was not at Conference early enough to hear the able Conference sermon delivered by the distinguished President, Rev. Samuel D. Waddy, nor the examinations of the candidates for ordination. I was present, however, at the ordination itself, and listened with great delight to the charge delivered to the candidates by the Rev. Dr. John Bowers, the retiring President. This was an admirable production for the occasion. It was not bedizened with ornament, nor pretentiously oratorical; but it was of the highest and best practical character and tendency, full of wise counsel, clear exposition, and urgent enforcement of ministerial duty. It was a discourse eminently calculated to benefit the young men to whom it was addressed, and, indeed, all the ministers who were present. Mr. Bowers is Governor of the theological institution at Didsbury, and is an associate of Dr. Hannah.

The ordination services are very much the same as our own, being, like ours, taken, with some abbreviation, from the service of the Church of England, the principal difference being the actual presentation and donation of a Bible, having in it the name of the recipient and the date of his

ordination in place of a parchment. He also receives a copy of the bound Minutes of the Conference, as these constitute in fact the Discipline of the Wesleyan body. They have in England no compend of their rules and regulations conforming to our book of Discipline, the bound Minutes serving instead for purposes of administration, and Mr. Wesley's Sermons being the standard of doctrine. In 1836, the year that Dr. Fisk was delegate to the British Conference, after considerable discussion, when Dr. Fisk at the call of Dr. Bunting stated the view and usage of the Methodist Church in America, the practice of imposition of hands was adopted. Prior to that period the declaration of the voice of the Church by the President of the Conference, made in public after suitable examination, was considered equivalent to ordination. It was a formal admission of the candidate into the full office of the ministry. This was indeed all that was essential when it was so considered and determined by the Church; yet the formal imposition of hands, though the act has no specific virtue in it, gives solemnity and expressiveness to the occasion, and is moreover commended to us by apostolic usage.

While at Manchester I drove out one day after Conference with Dr. Hannah to Didsbury, a small village a few miles from the city, the seat of the northern branch of the Wesleyan Theological Institution, in which my companion is theological tutor, or, as we should say, Professor. The buildings are in good taste, but not equal architecturally, it is said, to those at Richmond, but were said to be superior in their arrangement and adaptation. My stay was so short that I had but little opportunity of informing myself of the internal economy and method of instruction. Besides, it was vacation, and the halls were empty. So far as I could judge the course of instruction, if not as comprehensive as that of our colleges nor as profound as that of the theological seminaries of our country, is excellent for practical effect and useful ministerial training. Only such young men are received here as have given satisfactory evidence of being called of God to the work of the ministry, have been recommended to Conference, and accepted. They are placed here for their improvement till they are wanted in the active service. They generally improve while here in piety as well as in scholarship and theological acquirements. Great attention is paid to their religious character and growth.

I was pleased with the arrangements for lodging and boarding the students. They have separate rooms for studying and sleeping, the former being down stairs, the latter above. Washing conveniences are provided below, so that they

need not resort to their dormitories at all in the day-time. This is a moral precaution, women being employed to take care of the sleeping-rooms, and is also a better security for healthfulness. It avoids the too prevalent and injurious custom of our country of sitting through the day in the same rooms that are slept in at night. The buildings, too, are situated within an ornamental garden, prettily laid out and planted with trees and flowering shrubs, while a kitchen or vegetable garden is contiguous. A regular gardener is employed, who resides in a cottage on the premises. I was greatly indebted to good Dr. Hannah and his estimable lady for their kindness and attention at Didsbury. Being vacation and Conference time also, the other gentlemen connected with the institution were absent.

I believe the Wesleyans are well satisfied, as they have good reason to be, with their theological institution. The Southern branch at Richmond, near London, is of the same character as this, and not less successful. From these many, if not the most of their rising and already eminent men of the younger class, went forth. I might mention William Arthur, so well and favorably known in this country, the celebrated Punshon, Gervase Smith, his intimate friend and scarcely his inferior, with George Bowden, already mentioned, Richard Roberts, and very many others whom I can not name.

The topic we are on leads me to remark on the Wesleyan system of education more generally. Besides the theological schools just named, and the schools at Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove for the education of ministers' sons, there is a flourishing institution for general education at Sheffield, formerly called the Wesleyan Proprietary School, but now called Wesley College, of which Rev. S. D. Waddy, President of the Conference, is the head. Besides these the Wesleyans have an excellent institution in London called the Westminster Training School, the design of which is to prepare young persons of either sex for the profession of teaching. This is on a large and liberal scale, and, so far as I could judge from a hasty inspection, admirably conducted. The training is thorough, if not severe, and, as a consequence, the *élèves* of this school are in great demand. It draws, I believe, some support from the Government, according to the number of its pupils, which are subjected to rigid examination under a committee appointed by the Crown. Such examinations have given great satisfaction, and elicited high commendation from the examiners. This institution is under the charge of Rev. John Scott, who appears to be thoroughly qualified for his station. It is an indispensable condition of admittance to this school, that the

applicant be a member in good standing in the Wesleyan Church, and that he or she continue to give satisfactory evidence of piety throughout the course.

In England I was a good deal interested in the character of the pulpit services. I am not sure that I had a fair opportunity of forming an opinion, and my judgment in the case may not be very reliable. But if, from what I heard, I may compare English preachers with American, I should say that the former, as a general thing, are more careful than the latter in their preparation. Though they never, so far as I saw, use notes in their ordinary service, yet their delivery smacks strongly of rhetorical care and labor. In fact, it not unfrequently strikes one as having been memorized. But on the other hand all the preaching that I heard was very decidedly evangelical. The preachers in England dwell much on the great doctrines of the Cross; they are also very practical, as well as rich in spirituality. I am disposed to think their preaching is generally of a more spiritual and evangelical character than ours. It is more discriminating and less vague and general. They are less topical and more textual than we are, and they more clearly open up and explain the Scriptures. But I can not say that their preaching is more urgent and forcible, more awakening and powerful. I doubt if it be. It seems to be more distinctly the desire of the ministry there to instruct Christians, to build them up in Christian doctrine and in pious character. They preach as recognizing the fact that "the perfecting of the saints"—Ephesians iv, 12—is the great end of the ministry. It is no wonder, therefore, that one often meets there with persons of very rich piety, who drink very deeply of the heavenly fountain.

But it seemed to me that there is a more limited range of topics in the British pulpit than in ours, and consequently less variety. The preacher seemed to keep himself in such close proximity to the cross that he could not see far beyond or around it. This is an excellence carried too far. Yet it is not so bad as the opposite, which leaves the cross out of sight, or throws so many objects in the way that you can not see it. The latter is, perhaps, more frequently our error. In aiming at novelty of topic, too frequently the great truths which most serve to awaken the sinner and nourish the believer are left out of sight, or very casually touched upon. If this kind of preaching is adapted to please superficial hearers, the other is certainly more calculated to build up the Church in holiness and produce depth and maturity of Christian character.

The best specimens of preaching that I heard in England were from the Rev. Luke H. Wise-

man, in York; the Rev. Richard Roberts, in London; the Rev. George Bowden, in Liverpool, already named; and the Rev. Benjamin Waddy, who preached in Great Queen-Street Chapel, in London, a sermon plain and unpretending indeed, but full of "the marrow and fatness" of Gospel truth. These are, in fact, nearly all the Wesleyan preachers I did hear. I must not omit, however, the Rev. Gervase Smith, whom I heard deliver a missionary speech. It was at the small village of Acomb, near York, in a little chapel that would hardly with cramming hold two hundred people. Yet he delivered an address fit for a cathedral, and that would have rung through our Academy of Music with the power of a tempest. It was by far the ablest performance I heard in England. Gervase Smith is a remarkable man. He has great variety and power as well as brilliance. His addresses are evidently the result of great labor, but he has wonderful fertility as well as industry. A gentleman told me that in making a missionary tour he has been known to speak at from twelve to twenty meetings, delivering a different address each time, all so good that it was hard to say which to prefer.

In London I heard Spurgeon and Dr. Cummings, but these have so often been described that I shall say nothing of them here.

An American will hardly fail to be struck with the difference between the English chapels and our own churches. We will confine ourselves at present to the interior. First of all, the gallery, in all the large chapels, is very large and sloping, sometimes reaching nearly to the ceiling. Then it usual extends quite round the building, the organ, if there be one, standing in the rear of the pulpit. The pulpit is not, like ours, on a platform wide enough to hold a sofa and a couple of chairs, and perhaps a stand for the Bible and hymn-book. No such thing. It is a tall, tub-like-looking affair, mounted perhaps on a post, to which you ascend by a narrow flight of stairs, and in which you find a narrow, little board to sit down on. But, sooth to say, there is precious little occasion for any; for after his silent prayer on entering the preacher is on his feet the whole time. As soon as he has read the first two lines of his hymn the singing begins, and so he goes on giving out two lines at a time throughout. The second and third hymns are sung in the same manner. So the preacher has not a moment to rest from beginning to end. For my part I could not get used to this, nor do I see the need of it. It was very necessary at first, no doubt; but now all have hymn-books and do not need to be prompted every two lines. There is at present a movement against it, but it meets strong resistance from those who love the old

ways, and John Bull does not like changes. But we opine young England will carry it in this thing sooner or later.

A difference from American Methodism consists in using the liturgy. Before I went to England I was half inclined to favor the use of the form of prayer as given in Mr. Wesley's Abridgment, at least in the morning service. But I can not say that my love for it was deepened by my visit. It is by no means universal in the Wesleyan chapels. It is not much used in the northern part of the kingdom, I was told, and in the other parts it is only used in the larger chapels where the wealthier class belong. But it seemed to me to evince only a lingering attachment to the national Church, a similarity to which many of the Wesleysans desire to maintain. At any rate I observed, what I was told is generally the case, that where the liturgy is used the bulk of the congregation do not come to chapel till the form of prayer is finished and the extempore prayer and service, as in our churches, begin. The mass of the people seemed to me to show but little interest in the liturgy. Perhaps I had not sufficient opportunity to form a correct judgment, but I speak of the impression I received.

A member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States will, I think, be somewhat struck with the different *status* which his Church occupies in the two countries. I do not allude to any thing I experienced myself, as personally I had nothing whatever to complain of; but altogether the reverse. Still the impression on me from my observation of things was such as accorded with this view. Thus the Wesleyan ministers in England are never called clergymen, that being restricted to the Establishment, and seldom ministers, that term being used chiefly by Dissenters. Mr. Wesley himself used the word "preachers," and this term has been almost exclusively used since. So it was with us formerly, the nomenclature being imported to our country. But on becoming a separate and independent Church, having Scriptural ordination and all the appurtenances of a Church, our ministers have as much right to be called clergymen as any others. I can not say that I particularly admire the unscriptural designation either of clergyman or rector; but I am now only speaking of the right to use it. So also we never hear the word church applied to places of religious worship among Wesleysans or Dissenters. The latter use either meeting-house or chapel—the Wesleysans always and only chapel. But a chapel is an appendage to a church; a place of meeting for religious purposes in subordination or in addition to the church; or it is a private place of worship, as in a palace, or college, or the like. So in

many parishes in England there are what are called chapels of ease, which are places of worship built professedly to relieve an over-crowded church in very populous parishes. But under this provision sometimes a chapel of ease is erected for the purpose of calling such a minister as the congregation prefer. In the parish church, in many cases, the people have no choice, but must submit to the appointment of the patron of the living. But in a chapel the clergyman is supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, who call the man that suits them. Hence chapels of ease are perhaps more likely to have evangelical and faithful ministers than the parish church. For although the clergy of the Swift and Sterne school are no longer known, yet so long as Church preferments are in the hands of worldly men, there will be many ministers preferred to wealthy benefices, who, though correct in their moral conduct, have but little of the spirit of their sacred calling.

And as chapels are always something subordinate and inferior to churches, the architectural character accords with this view. Chapels in England are not built like churches. They have no steeple or tower, and no bells. True, they are often handsome—even elegant. And such was and is the City Road Chapel in London, Mr. Wesley's own model chapel. It was, when built, probably unsurpassed out of the Establishment, and even now I saw no chapel in London or elsewhere, on the whole, superior or even equal to it. There are such no doubt in the large towns, as Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham, but I saw none. And, indeed, the City Road Chapel is a handsome building, presenting quite a commanding appearance. But still it has, as have all religious buildings not of the Establishment, the air of a chapel or meeting-house, rather than what the English understand by a church. The general view and feeling on this subject was imported into this country, and so, for many years, we built our places of worship like meeting-houses, or chapels, or, sooth to say, very much like barns. We are now building them like churches. And why should we not? I do not encourage needless extravagance, but still I go for appropriateness and congruity. I would have a church look like a church, and not like a school-house or a wagon-shed. And why object to a bell? Mr. Wesley had no bells in his chapels, because they were chapels and not churches; but we are free from his restraints; and if a bell is a convenient way of calling people together, or of giving notice of divine service, and is found useful or necessary, why, let us have bells; that is, where the people can afford it.

Methodism, in this country, has great advant-

ages. In England every thing is overshadowed by the Establishment. Her clergy enjoy a position of unmistakable respectability; they rank with the gentry or aristocracy; their influence is very great, and their emoluments in the wealthier parishes are very considerable. Dissenters are regarded as inferior in position and respectability; and though many of them, as well as Wesleyan ministers, attain high consideration and have access to the best society, it must be acquired, not by virtue of their position, but by the force and excellence of their personal character. Even then they are for the most part looked on with a sort of patronizing air, which seems to say you are here only by sufferance. Such is the strength of this influence that many sons of the preachers leave the communion of the father and seek refuge in the mother Church. In our country we have hardly any temptation of this kind. We, as a class, labor under no disabilities. Changes in ecclesiastical connection occasionally take place with us, but it is usually from other considerations, honest change of sentiment, or it may be hope of a better support, or dissatisfaction with the itinerancy. It is not for want of a more respectable position; for with us every man enjoys as much respectability as he possesses the elements to command, and if he does not possess respectability where he is, it is very foolish in him to run about looking for it elsewhere.

But I am possibly trespassing unreasonably upon the patience of the reader, and I suppress what I might have to say further on this subject.

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### SUNSET.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

PURPLE shadows all around  
 Goldening in the west;  
 Bees have hushed their murmuring sound—  
 'T is the hour of rest.

Sated herds have ceased to graze,  
 Butterflies are still,  
 And a mellow, misty haze  
 Floats around the hill.

Happy birds, with folded wing,  
 On the leafy nest,  
 Cease their restive fluttering,  
 With contentment blest.

Up above the distant hills  
 Streams a parting glow,  
 As if the other hemisphere  
 Its radiant morn would show.

Sweet, soul-softening sunset hour,  
 Lengthen yet thy stay;  
 Though thou takest our rich dower,  
 Other lands have day.



## A GOSSIP ABOUT POETS AND POETRY.\*

BY PRESIDENT ALLYN.

TO read poetry and enjoy it requires several things. There must be an imagination in the reader vivid enough to complete a picture, or to fill up the outline of a character, or to "make out" the brief of a story, from mere scattered hints given by full-sensed words. A mathematician will tell you that he can easily make out a circle if you will only give three points any where in its circumference, and we can all behold and admire the infinite arch of the heavens as well by night as by day, if only the scattered stars are shining in it; while if none of these, with their points of light, are there, we shall think of the sky only as a plain black ceiling a few feet above our heads. It is the business of the poet to plant such points of light in our minds and memories, and leave us, by means of them, to make for ourselves an infinite arch of beauty over and around us. It is his to give us the three or more separate and often distant points in the circle of thought, and leave us to complete for ourselves the great circumference of literary and intellectual creation. This is not saying that the reader's imagination must be as vigorous as the poet's, who first made the poetry. The reader only needs to have so much of the power of this faculty as shall enable him to follow where his thoughts are led, or, in other words, enough of genius to read and complete from hints what another had the faculty divine to invent. The one merely makes or spells out what the other had first conceived and given the key by which to read. For an instance, take the following little and simple poem or song from Mr. Coggeshall's book, named in the foot-note. It is by Mrs. Lois Bryan Adams, of Detroit, entitled, "Hoeing Corn:"

"Out in the earliest light of the morn  
Ralph was hoeing the springing corn;  
The dew fell flashing from the leaves of green,  
Wherever his glancing hoe was seen,  
While dark and mellow the hard earth grew  
Beneath his strokes so strong and true.  
And steadily still, hill after hill,  
As the sun went up, he swung the hoe,  
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,  
From the earliest light of the Summer morn,  
Till the noonday sound of the dinner horn.

What was Ralph thinking of all the morn,  
Out in the Summer heat hoeing the corn,

\* Suggested by The Poets and Poetry of the West, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By William T. Coggeshall. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. Pp. 688, 8vo. 1860

With the sweat and dust on his hands and face,  
And toiling along at a steady pace?  
A clear light beamed in his eye the while,  
And round his lips was a happy smile,  
As steadily still, hill after hill,  
While the sun went down he swung the hoe,  
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,  
Faster toward nightfall than even at morn,  
He hastened his steps through the springing corn.

This he was thinking of all the morn,  
And all day long as he hoed the corn,  
"How sweet it will be, when the shadows fall  
Over the little brown cottage wall,  
To sit by the door 'neath the clustering vine,  
With Isabel's dear little hand in mine!  
So, cheerily still, hill after hill,  
From morning till night I'll swing my hoe,  
Hoe, hoe, hoe—row after row,  
Knowing that each step that I take thro' the corn  
Is bringing me nearer to Isabel Lorn."

This is not the whole of the beautiful little pastoral, but it is enough to make a picture—a series of pictures even—that brings up before us a delightful landscape, and a wonderful world of affection, truth, and faithful happiness. And the one who can not see all the rest of pride, love, and contentment, is not fit to read poetry—he wants the power to appreciate beauty no less than the ability to "make out," as those genius-gifted Brontë girls were wont to call it. Such a little poem is to us—we honestly confess it with somewhat of blushing, as a reader of the classics ought—worth more than a cart-load of epics. It leaves something for our imagination to do, which the long-drawn epic often does not. We are obliged to keep awake to read and understand the hints of the little poem, while—if the expression may be pardoned—we could sleep and read the long epic all the better. Not that we do not love epic poetry where it is of the highest order; but that we do not enjoy and profit by it as largely as we do by a series of smaller poems. The defect may be attributed to some idiosyncrasy in our nature, but can hardly be laid to our early education; for the first poetry we can remember to have read was epic—to wit, Pope's Translation of the Iliad, Dryden's Translation of Virgil, and Poole's Translation of Jerusalem Delivered—we are sure it was Poole's, though we have not seen the book since, almost forty years ago. The three books stood side by side in the old library case belonging to an association of readers in a country New England town, and we—a flaxen-haired, near-sighted, blue-eyed boy of seven or eight years—actually took great delight in reading them, and even now can recall their images with great accuracy and delight. But we confess as we grow older we enjoy epics less and ballads more. Is this not, partly at

least, the case with nations? And is not epic poetry almost necessarily, as Macaulay has argued, confined to the earlier ages of a people, and to a people emerging from a state of less cultivation and knowledge, into one more refined and scientific? A poem must, therefore, be read by one who has some good share of imagination. The reader needs only less of this power than the poet who wrote.

There are men who never can enjoy poetry for this reason. They are your plain, hard, severe, cruelly common-sense people, to whom every thing is valuable only as it can be used in making money, or in preparing to make money—who, if they had been the creators of this world, would have made fruits to grow without a bud or blossom, and trees without leaves or branches, further than might have been necessary to make knees for ship timber—who would have had no clouds in the sky except in the night, and no hills or valleys on the earth's surface except for the purposes of drainage. They would have had every thing in sober colors, in straight lines and plain surfaces. All houses would have been built in the same shape and according to the same pattern, and all the men and women, all the children, all the animals, all the trees, would have been made by the square rule, and of the same height, and breadth, and form, so that the boards and timbers of the houses could have been made in the same steam saw and planing-mill; so that all the garments to clothe the people could have been made in the same mammoth tailor-shop; and all the trees would have grown squared and hewn so as to save labor and skill in making them into timber. Such men as these we always did *mislike*, and it is a part of our daily prayer that we may never *mislike* them less. Not that we want to hate them. By no means. Hate is not in our creed, unless in the sense in which the old divine interpreted the passage in which Christ commands his disciples to *hate* father and mother for his sake—to wit, to love less. We do love some people more than others, but this class is not among them; and we can hardly say that we love less where we do not love at all, unless we adopt into our code of morals the very convenient algebraic symbol for negative quantities. If you will allow us such a notation of affection, we will consent to say that we *negatively love* people who can not appreciate poetry, and who can not read it and understand it.

And yet just here let us say that we do really believe that this power to appreciate poetry is almost as generally given to men, and women, and children, as is the imagination. But it is the faculty most of all easily repressed and discouraged. Every child has it in abundance, and

Coleridge ascribes much of his ability, both to speculate accurately upon philosophy and to read and compose poetry, to the early cultivation of this power of his childhood's reading. Let us open Mr. Coggeshall's excellent book—which, by the way, needs no praise from any body, it only needs to be known—at almost any page, and we shall find examples in proof of the remarks already made and tending to something even stronger than we have said. Take three stanzas of the tender poem on "Ruins," by Hattie Tyng, of Wisconsin, which has much of the peculiarities of the New England Longfellow:

"Over sea and over desert,  
Wandering many a weary mile,  
By the lordly banks of Ganges—  
By the softly-flowing Nile,  
Travelers wander, seeking ever  
Ruins which may tales unfold  
Of the rude barbaric splendor  
Of the mystic days of old.

• • • • •  
But they know not that around them,  
Close at home, are ruins spread,  
Strange as those that glimpses give them  
Of the ages that are dead.  
Crumbling fane or fallen turret,  
Ruined mosque or minaret,  
Teaches not the solemn lesson  
Which we learn but to forget.

Every-where around are scattered  
Ruined lives and broken hearts,  
Wrecks of manhood far more shattered  
Than these fragments of lost arts.  
And we need not go to seek them  
Far from our own native land,  
For, unnoted and forsaken,  
Near us many ruins stand."

But it is quite time we turned to speak of another thing which a reader of poetry must have—sensitivity. We do not mean what is commonly called sentimentalism. We mean a soul alive to feel as well as a mind awake to see. Unless one possess this divine gift—and it is a richer boon than far-reaching intellect—he can not read poetry. He may go over the words; he may mark the images; he may be delighted with the metaphors; he may look on all the pictures hinted at by the imagination of the poet, but he can not enjoy the interior sense—the soul-essence of poetry. Let this be set down as a matter of not only proof, but actual experience, felt and known by all who ever appreciated poetry. Some people know a great deal and can correctly imagine a vast deal more, but they can not feel it. They can weep and laugh, or, rather, go through the motions of those operations—but they can not feel grief or joy—it is as much as can be expected of them if they can feel sad or comfortable.

Such people may have fancy, and possibly imagination in its lowest development, and they can, therefore, write poetry a little, but they can not read it. There are in the Book of Poets and Poetry of the West many gems totally out of the reach of the capacities of all such people. Take the following, by Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, of Kentucky, and one of the most feeling as well as imaginative writers which the land of the West has known:

"My heart is like a lonely bird,  
That sadly sings,  
Brooding upon its nest unheard,  
With folded wings.

For of my thoughts the sweetest part  
Lie all untold,  
And treasured in this mournful heart  
Like precious gold.

The fever dreams that haunt my soul  
Are deep and strong;  
For through its deep recesses roll  
Such floods of song.

•       •       •  
O! in my soul, too wild and strong  
This gift hath grown,  
Bright spirit of immortal song!  
Take back thine own.

I know no sorrows round me cling,  
My years are few;  
And yet my heart 's the saddest thing  
I ever knew.

For in my thoughts the world doth share  
But little part;  
A mournful thing it is to bear  
A mournful heart."

Now, unless one can feel the sadness here hinted at, he can not be called fit to read such exquisite lines; and he would do better to confine himself to plain, scientific prose, or to some such useful art as clerking, or book-keeping, and adding long columns of figures like a good calculating machine.

The third thing, which a person must possess in order to read and enjoy the soul of poetry, is what may be called a proper mood of mind or inspiration. Or to put it in other words, he must have a mind capable of taking on all the various moods of human fancy and feeling, and he must be in that especial mood in which the poet was when he wrote the poem, or in some state akin to that mood. That is, he must have a fit of inspiration bordering on that of the poet himself. This is different from what has been before said. But we shall not undertake to tell how or why it is different. It is enough to say that this peculiar moodiness, or, if you please to call it so, this whimsicality, is described by Mr. Longfellow in his beautiful poem entitled, "The Day is

Done," in which occur the following beautiful lines:

"Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heart-felt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time;

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long to rest:

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of Summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer."

Such are the songs the people love, and such are gathered by Mr. Coggeshall in the volume under notice. And we confess once more that many of them are, to our heart and soul, worth more than a dozen epics of the Southey school, or than whole long, interminable-almost books of excursions and recluses. We know we are not orthodox, but we can not help it, and are ready to do all necessary penance for our sins.

And this peculiar moodiness can hardly ever be produced by an epic. It can come up oftenest in the heart and soul when we are reading short and diversified poems. For this reason we do prize Mr. Coggeshall's book very highly, and most heartily commend it to all genuine lovers of poetry, and especially to all appreciative readers of good poems. It has been on our table since Autumn, and we can take it up at a leisure moment and by turning half a dozen pages from any point at which we happen to open, we can find something that will hit our peculiar mood. Here are poems descriptive of natural scenery true and bewitching; others are full of the noblest pathos of sad and melancholy affection and tender heart-yearning for the loved and lost, and yet full of buoyant, confident hope and exultant joy in view of that hope; while others are grand and sublime in the energy of free thought and devotion to freedom, to duty, and to God; and still others abound in the outgushing of all that is sweet and ennobling in domestic affection and devotion. Surely Mr. Coggeshall is a most excellent hunter after merit in poetry, or

the West abounds in poems of great beauty and power. Perhaps both are true, and we ought to give the editor great praise and the writers still greater. Let us give one more little poem by Helen L. Bostwick, of Ravenna, Ohio, entitled, "Little Dandelion:"

"Little Bud Dandelion  
Hears from her nest—  
'Merry-heart, starry-eye,  
Wake from your rest!'  
Wide ope the emerald lids;  
Robins above—  
Wise little Dandelion  
Smiles at his love.  
  
Cold lie the daisy banks,  
Clad but in green,  
Where in the Mays agone  
Bright hues were seen.  
Wild pinks are slumbering,  
Violets delay—  
True little Dandelion  
Greeteth the May.  
  
Meek little Dandelion  
Groweth more fair,  
Till dries the amber dew  
Out from her hair.  
High rides the thirsty sun,  
Piercely and high—  
Faint little Dandelion  
Closest her eye!  
  
Dead little Dandelion  
In her white shroud,  
Heareth the angel-breeze  
Call from the cloud.  
Tiny plumes fluttering  
Make no delay,  
Little winged Dandelion  
Soareth away."

Many of the pieces in this book have appeared in the columns of the Repository, and are none of the worse for that. There is scarcely room here to add that each poet's contribution is introduced by a short biographical notice by Mr. Coggeshall, or by one of his friends. And these notices are not commonplace puffs and mere eulogies. They are in every case discriminative and valuable, fully as much so as the extracts are beautiful and suggestive. Take the book as a whole—its poems and its brief biographies—it is perhaps the most elegant, and interesting, and useful book printed on this side of the mountains. We hope for more of the same sort from the same pen.

A BLIND man is really nourished by the food he eats, even though he can not see it; so, when, by the blindness of our spiritual wisdom, we can not discern the Savior, yet his grace sustains our strength and keeps us alive in famine.

#### NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

BY JAMES F. RUSLING, ESQ.

THE hot days of July had come; the hotter days of August were fast approaching. Business was dull, and the hours wore heavily onward. It was the time for the exodus of all dwellers in towns. Many of our citizens were already away at the seaside, and others were daily leaving; but we concluded to vary the programme, and take a run among the mountains. So taking the cars at Trenton, we started for Easton, Penn., about sixty miles distant. Our road lay directly up the Delaware, and is notable chiefly for its bits of quiet river scenery. The Delaware above Trenton is never large, but is always picturesque, and forms a pleasing part of almost every view you catch as you ride along. The valley, for the most part, slopes gently down to the river, though here and there a jutting bluff rises abruptly from the water, and serves to break the monotony of the scene. The well-kept fields, with their sleek herds browsing at their leisure, and their cozy farm-houses embowered among cooling trees, were a grateful contrast to the sweltering city we had left behind.

Arriving at Easton at 11, A. M., we there met the balance of our party. And now, dear reader, while they are shaking hands all round, allow me to introduce them to you. That tall, quiet-looking man, with thoughtful eyes and nose, spare cheeks, and straight, dark hair, somewhere over thirty years of age—him, in the brown duster and dark straw hat—I introduce as ex-professor; he was, till recently, Professor of Greek in a certain Seminary in New Jersey, but is now pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church in B. That one talking to him with so much animation, in the light felt hat and gray coat—he of the sharp, brown eyes and auburn beard—prompt and decided in all he does, is the ex-professor's successor. That other one, tall and rather slim, with light hair, soft blue eyes, and features "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," is the young but gifted pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church here in Trenton; his congregation has kindly released him for a month from active service, and he is off to the mountains to recruit worn health and energy. We'll call him Paul. As for myself, I am only a writer of writs, who cultivates literature as a pastime, and enjoys traveling with good companions whenever I can find them; I present myself merely, as

"A chiel amang them takin notes."

Alumni of the same Alma Mater, we all four had been fast friends for many years, and now had



come together from different quarters, for a fortnight's reunion and recreation.

After dining, finding that we had some three hours to spend in Easton, we decided on a visit to Lafayette College. Passing out one of the main streets on our way thither, we came to a fine stream of water called the Bushkill. On the north side of it we perceived a new brick building, with its walls cracked from top to bottom; erected too near the stream, the water had gradually undermined it, and now several men were at work assisting the demolition. As we, with many others, gazed curiously on, the roof fell in, and the walls came down with a crash; the noise and dust occasioned thereby had scarcely subsided, when a shrewd-looking old Dutchman, with a twinkle in his eye, commented thus: "Mein friendts, I dink das haus was built upon de sandt, for great is de fall of it!"

Thence by a flight of stairs, numbering two hundred and twenty-five steps, we ascended to the College. While on our toilsome way up, Paul gravely inquired whether this was n't what is meant by "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;" but once up the high and precipitous hill, upon which the College is situated, we were amply rewarded for our clamber by a noble view of the surrounding country. Easton lay at our feet, an active, thriving town of seven thousand inhabitants, with about as little of the Rip Van Winkle air of Dutchland about it, as any town of its size in Pennsylvania. Just beyond the town, the Lehigh comes down between the hills to join the Delaware. A fine trestle-work railroad bridge spans the Delaware, and as we gazed, a long, dark train of coal cars crept stealthily out upon it, as if feeling its way along the skeleton-like structure. Past these, swelling hills and finely-cultivated fields undulate away to the distant horizon. Turning to the College, we found the doors all fastened, and admission to its classic precincts, therefore, impossible. I believe it was vacation, but we saw several students in their rooms, who dodged about the windows, peeping curiously at us, resorting even to mirrors to aid their stealthy glimpses.

Even when one of them was hailed, by the professor, with the respectful salutation, "*O puer, salve!*" they shrunk behind the window-sills and refused to show themselves. Did they take us for wandering Bedouins? or think, because of our attire, we were modern Zouaves? Why, we were only a party of quiet tourists, bent on sight-seeing, and firm in our intention to "form and regulate our domestic institutions in our own way."

In the afternoon we again took the cars for Bethlehem. This is a quaint, yet cozy town of

some three thousand inhabitants, chiefly Moravians. This once flourishing sect has dwindled down to some seven thousand members in America, of whom about two thousand are found here at Bethlehem and an adjacent town called Nazareth. These two societies are possessed of ample resources, owing to the sagacity of their far-sighted patron, the well-known Count Zinzendorf. Over a century ago, at a merely-nominal price, he secured to them large tracts of land in this locality, which were recently sold at from \$100 to \$150 per acre. Their increase in numbers, however, is deplorably small; many of their own children abandon the faith of their fathers, and the accessions from other quarters are few and far between. We found the people kind and hospitable, but mostly abounding in old customs, that took one back at least a half century. Many of them speak only a mongrel German, and in their dress, their manners, their dwellings, and the appurtenances thereof, they remind you greatly of the good old days of Diedrich Knickerbocker. The old Germanic fondness for music still lingers among them, and there is scarcely a house that does not have its piano and violin. As you enter the older streets, and find yourself surrounded by venerable-looking buildings that must have been rather stylish in their day, built substantially of stone, and peering down upon you from their quaint windows and many gables, you forget that you are in the fast land of Hail Columbia, and seem rather to have stumbled into a conservative street of slow old Nuremburg. The newer streets, however, are gradually waking up, and the town in general certainly wears an air of thriftiness.

Our first visit was to the Moravian Cemetery. This is an inclosure of elevated ground, near the heart of the town, some four acres in extent, and now thickly dotted with graves. It is devoid of flowers and shrubbery, but abounds with shade trees, through which run many well-kept walks. The peculiarity which strikes you immediately on entering is, that the gravestones are all horizontal, instead of being, as ordinarily, perpendicular. The graves are raised and sodded, the same as is usual elsewhere, but the gravestones all lie flat upon them. The graves themselves are arranged in rows for the old, the middle-aged, and the young, without regard to families, and the sexes are buried apart from each other. There may be some recondite reason for this method of burial that is convincing to the Moravian mind, but when I die, let me be buried among and by the side of those whom I have loved, and who through long years have loved me! Some of the interments are quite ancient. We noticed one old stone, scarred and worn by the storms of a century,

which bore the date of 1742. Two rude stones, near the center of the Cemetery, bore the simple inscriptions,

"MAGDALENA, AN INDIAN.  
JULY 20, 1746."

And,

"ZIBORA, WIFE OF NATHANIEL.  
Aug. 23, 1748."

And so the record ran, grave by grave, down through more than a century, to May 1, 1860. Here the gravestones stopped, but the graves still continued; one was still fresh, and, we learned, had been filled only the day before.

The various walks were well provided with seats, and the grounds seemed to be a favorite place of resort. The prevailing quietude, and the utter absence of pomp and parade, were peculiarly inviting that Summer afternoon. As we sauntered along beneath the cooling shade, scanning the curious inscriptions, the ex-professor pronounced the place, after all, "home-like and cheerful," and the rest of us cordially acquiesced.

From the Cemetery we proceeded to the Moravian Female College. This is a fine institution of learning, under the direction of Rev. M. Wolle. The buildings are large and commodious, being capable of accommodating some two hundred pupils. The grounds are extensive and superb, abounding in graceful walks and well-trimmed shrubbery, through which wandered a number of American deer. The parlors are adorned by several large paintings from Nature, as found in the Lehigh valley, the most of which are handsomely executed. In the course of instruction, much attention is given to music in all its branches—a feature which we all united in commending. The president, or rather superintendent, as they call him, is exactly the right man in the right place, and in his undoubted capacity lies the explanation of the signal excellence and prosperity of the institution.

The Moravian Church is a large and severely plain, yet imposing edifice in the heart of the town. Inside, it is a model of simplicity—the seats being guiltless of paint, and the window curtains consisting of pure white linen. It is capable of accommodating an audience of some two thousand; and lest those more distant from the pulpit might not hear the hymn, its number is announced by several huge placards hung in prominent places; we thought this an excellent idea, and commend the plan to weak-voiced clergymen in general. Paul, whose lung-power is not very prodigious, promised to make a note of it. The view of the surrounding country from the cupola of the church is exceedingly fine. We beheld it at sunset. The town lay quiet at our feet, as if resting from its day's labor; around it,

wrapped in a misty haze, calm and tranquil like an unruffled lake, extended the fair valley of the Lehigh; while far away, the mountain ridges, on all sides like distant ramparts, broke clear against the sky. Charmed with the scene, we lingered there till the evening shadows were thickening into darkness, and then groped our way down the belfry, and through the attic to the church below.

At half-past eight the same evening we took the cars for Mauch Chunk. It was a warm and glorious night, with scarcely a cloud to dim the sky. Our road ran west, up the valley of the Lehigh, sometimes, indeed, just upon the edge of that picturesque and beautiful river. In the east, the full moon was mounting slowly up an imperial sky. On such a night it would never do to be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in a close and stifling car, dimly illuminated by two dingy lamps; so a council was called, and it was agreed to retreat to the rear platform, where, seated on cushions borrowed from the car, and gazing on the uprisen moon as she shimmered through the trees, or beamed resplendently from an unbroken sky, we gave free wing to fancy, and thoroughly enjoyed an unchecked "flow of soul," if not a full "feast of reason." Some one quoted Ossian, forgetting in his rhapsody that *his* address was to the sun, and not to the moon. The professor propounded an inquiry into her alleged amatory influences. The ex-professor and Paul, true to their guild, drifted into a dreary discussion upon the probable theology of the supposed man there. Meanwhile, rock and river, vale and mountain, sleep-hushed cottage and wide-awake forge, in turn diversified the view as we hastened along the iron track, and we were thundering in grandeur among the wild crags and rugged peaks of Mauch Chunk, long before we supposed it possible for two hours to speed away.

At Mauch Chunk we stopped for the night, and, I need scarcely say, slept deliciously. The air there was pure and invigorating, and besides we were all thoroughly tired. The next morning we found a well-built town of some two thousand inhabitants, stuck curiously about among the hills, as if the houses had been dropped down from the clouds. The traveler wonders how buildings ever came to be constructed in such astonishing places. One would almost suppose that a gust of wind, or a swollen torrent, mad from a Summer shower, would sweep many of the structures into the river below. The truth is, there is no site for a town there at all; but the coal trade needed a habitation just in that locality, and so Mauch Chunk had to be built. They have done it well; we have seldom seen a better-built town of the same size.

At 8, A. M., we started for a trip over what the Mauch Chunkers call the Switch-Back Railroad. At the station we entered two small cars, open in front, and with the side curtains all rolled up, in size and appearance resembling ordinary square-bodied carry-alls more than any thing else. These were drawn up an inclined plane twenty-three hundred feet long, by a stationary engine, to the top of Mount Pisgah—a lofty, barren peak nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here, as we paused and “viewed the landscape o’er,” the sight was truly sublime. Bold peaks, majestic ranges, and rugged gorges were to be seen on every side; some sloping far away beneath us, with robes of verdure trailing from their massive shoulders, laced with streams like threads of silver; and others, in sterile and rocky solitude, looking a sullen defiance from their distant loftiness. Far away in the east the Lehigh Water Gap yawned before us, opening up to commerce a gateway to the ocean; around and beneath us, as far as the eye could reach, were a crowding multitude of mountains and ravines; while over all, like a celestial benediction, hung a gorgeous sky, pouring, as from an upturned cup,

“Right into the veins of men  
Its wine of airy gold.”

As thus we gazed, and inhaled the fresh breezes of the morning, life seemed to highten, and existence to become a new thing; and when we again took the cars, it was with every sense quickened and sharpened by the grandeur and magnificence that lay spread above and around us.

We now cast loose from the stationary engine. The conductor—a quiet, firm, self-possessed little man—took his seat by the side of a feeble-looking brake, and, less than a dozen of us in all, without horse or steam power, we started on a ride of some twenty-five miles, among the wildest peaks of the Eastern Alleghanies. Do you ask, dear reader, how that was possible? Why, simply because we had a fearless and mighty steed to draw us; one that never tires or wears out—the same majestic steed that pulls the planets and the tides, and drags the universe like a chariot at his heels. So away we went, driven by Gravity only, rattling along the mountains, and dashing down and around them at a splendid rate. Our little carriages, rough and homely as they were, seemed yet to devour the earth. The rocks and trees flew by as if animate and winged. Now hemmed in by denseness of foliage, and now, as the trees fall away, gazing on ragged ravines and far-stretching ranges; now running slowly on a dead level, and now plunging along fearfully rapid on the very edge of a frowning precipice,

we found an excitement and a charm—a fine exhilaration of spirits—in it all, that made one’s heart beat and blood boil, almost as when the peal of a trumpet or the sound of a drum summons men to battle. Thus, for two hours, we spun down and around the mountains, running, at times, at the rate of forty miles per hour; and yet all the while moved by no visible force, but, seemingly, as if your own brain willed the motion and sped you along. You can form but a feeble notion of the sense of freedom and power it gives one till you try it. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is a ride upon the cow-catcher of a locomotive; but even this is more mechanical and dependent, because all the while you see and feel the mighty fire-horse tramping just behind you. On these carriage-like cars, however, the curtains all up and the front thrown open, rushing along at tremendous speed, yet with no apparent power to propel you, you lose all sense of human weakness and dependence; you become intoxicated with a sense of freedom and power, and seem for the time a very god, moving whither and as you will, your own heart and brain dictating, ordering, and controlling all.

Every-where among the mountains we came upon coal shafts, but had only time to glance occasionally down their black Tartarean throats. Immense trains of coal cars appeared here and there, winding slowly along the track like monstrous serpents, and at two points they detained us quite a while. The detentions were unusual, and they annoyed our conductor very much. At last, however, the track was clear. Our conductor put us all into one car, detached the other, then unloosed the brake, and giving our gallant little car full swing, we flew over the last ten miles in less than fourteen minutes, reaching Mauch Chunk just in time for the train. We were congratulated on our safe return, and told that we had made the fastest time over the last ten miles of the Switch-Back yet recorded.

We reached the station just as the last bell was ringing, and bidding Mauch Chunk and its surroundings a hasty farewell, proceeded up the Lehigh valley. The scenery, at every turn, we found wild and picturesque, but we had seen so much of far finer in the morning, that this now seemed tame and monotonous. The river itself has been seized upon in its wildness by the hand of man, and, by judicious damming, its turbulent floods have been tamed down to slack-water navigation. Boats, freighted with lumber and coal, were constantly passing by on their way to our seaboard cities. For nearly sixty centuries these inland regions, so wild and inaccessible, had preserved their priceless treasures undisturbed; but, at last, the rod of modern

progress touched even their secluded fastnesses; and now a steady stream of incalculable value is flowing forth to cheer the dwellers by its side, and benefit and bless the nation.

We arrived at a thriving little place, dingy with coal-dust, called Eckley, about 1, P. M., where we stopped for dinner. The brisk mountain air had already sharpened our appetites wonderfully, and, though our company was small, the eatables disappeared rapidly. Eckley is situated on a plateau of great elevation, that is said to be underlaid with the richest veins of native anthracite. Here, apparently on the top of the mountains, we took the stage-coach for a rough ride of eight miles to White Haven. Lighting our cigars, we chose seats on the outside, for the double purpose of enjoying a social puff and of securing a better view of the new and rugged country. Ah, ye that abjure the weed, you do n't know the rare luxury of a friendly cigar, the genial philosophy of a quiet smoke, when one is traveling! It calms the nerves, it soothes the brain, and fills the soul with unutterable peace and joy. Chewing, I grant, is an indefensible practice; but I do not wonder that our native Indians held smoking to be the delight of divinities. So, whiffing the delicious weed as we rode along, and discussing law and gospel, politics and theology, each in turn, we proceeded leisurely on our way. A mile or two had been traveled thus, our road being mostly level, when suddenly, as we ascended a little knoll, a spacious valley, lying in an almost unbroken wilderness, far beneath us, broke upon our view. The surprise was complete, and affected one strangely. We now, for the first, perceived distinctly the elevation at which we were traveling. A bluish, dreamy hue, of infinite beauty, hung like a veil over this sequestered valley, obscuring the lesser objects entirely, and making even the trees, far down in its depths, appear as if at the bottom of a lake. Our driver—a sensible fellow, by the way—locked his wheels, took a new hold on his lines, and then, slowly, cautiously, swinging to and fro, we lumbered joltingly down a long and precipitous road, and at length found ourselves rolling in safety through the valley beneath. We found the valley thinly inhabited, and hardly cultivated at all—I suppose owing to its seclusion. An hour's ride through it, with scarcely a house to be seen, brought us to White Haven, where we again took the cars for Wilkesbarre, some twenty miles distant. The last seven miles we ran without a locomotive, being driven by gravitation. In the course of this run, we were let down three inclined planes, one of which was four thousand seven hundred feet in length, with a perpendicular height of four hundred and ten feet; another three thousand

seven hundred feet in length, with a perpendicular height of three hundred and twenty-seven feet; and another still was over five thousand feet in length, with a perpendicular height of two hundred and sixty feet. What a triumph of industry and intellect, to carry a railroad over such vast acclivities! And yet this is only one of the many instances in which American engineering has overcome all obstacles, scaling mountains as if they were mole-hills, where trade and travel required a pathway.

As we rounded the brow of a mountain, approaching the last inclined plane, we caught a hasty glimpse of the far-famed Wyoming Valley. That glimpse, imperfect as it was, revealed a vision of surpassing loveliness, into whose bosom we were soon to descend. A half hour afterward, at about 5, P. M., we landed at Wilkesbarre, in the heart of the valley, where we tarried for the night.

### SWEET HOME.

BY LILY LICHEN.

Out of my window I look to-night,  
With a longing gaze to the westward skies,  
For I know that beyond the purple bar,  
Which the sinking sun has left ajar,  
The home of my heart with its loved ones lies.

Cold on the prairie lieth the snow,  
With a frosty glow in the sunset light;  
For the Summer, with flower, and bird, and rhyme,  
Is treading the bowers of a Southern clime,  
And here it is still and chill as night.

What though to these fields, in the radiant Spring,  
A message of life and joy shall come?  
The violets sleeping under the snow,  
Are not the same that will bud and blow  
'Mid the waving grass at home, sweet home.

Out on the hill-side under the oak,  
My gold-haired baby-sister will stand  
Waist-deep in a sea of clover-bloom,  
That gathers a new and rare perfume  
From the touch of her tiny, snow-flake hand.

Lowly and slowly the shadows will fall,  
And the stars come forth in the quiet sky;  
And my father will sit in his wonted chair,  
While a soft, low wind just lifts the hair  
That shadows his forehead bold and high.

Silent and thoughtful my mother will sit,  
While a light in her earnest, hazel eyes,  
Shines pure and clear as the pearls that sleep  
Far down in the sea's unruffled deep,  
The same 'neath stormy or cloudless skies.

Fly on the wings of this swift, cold wind,  
Fly, happy hours, till the wanderer come!  
Let the hearts that are dearer and truer to me  
Than the world beside could ever be,  
Be kept, O Father in heaven, by thee,  
Till I meet them all at home, sweet home!



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cabinet.

THE GENEALOGICAL TABLE\*—ITS MORAL SUGGESTIONS. Matt. i, 1-17.

A dry detail of names, say you. Yet it is not without its moral lessons.

I. The solemn succession of the race. The representatives of forty generations appear before us and pass away. One generation is buried in the dust of another: future generations will be entombed in our ashes. But though men depart, man remains. Generations, like waves, rise from our common nature and break on the eternal shore; but, like the ocean, still on they roll in undiminished plenitude and power. The world can do without us. This fact serves to reprove worldliness and to inculcate humility. Death is the law and lot of all.

"Not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone. . . .

Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the ancient world, with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise and good,  
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods, rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green, and poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man."

II. The physical connection of the race. Each of these generations springs from the other, as grain from grain. Humanity, however numerous its generations, is one: it may have a myriad of branches, but it is one tree, rising from one germ and ruled by one law. This unity, 1. Demands the spirit of brotherhood. How monstrous does the belligerent element appear in its presence! 2. It helps to explain the transmission of moral character. The tie of physical relationship which links men together is a stupendous instrument of moral influence—a vehicle through which moral ideas, dispositions, and habits, are transmitted from sire to son. 3. It enables each generation to help its successors. Because of this unity we can understand the thoughts and reasonings of men who lived thousands of years ago; derive good from the writings of Moses, and David, and Paul. Though we have only a few years to live, we can work to bless posterity. The heart of humanity is in us all, and to the heart of the last man we can speak.

\* Vide Davidson on "Sacred Hermeneutics," p. 589; also Davidson on "Biblical Criticism," p. 371.  
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III. The moral differences of the race. In this list we recognize some men of distinguished goodness, and some preëminent for wickedness. This shows that, however potent the influence which generations can exert on each other, it is not *resistless* and absolute. There is a power lodged in each man's bosom to prevent the combined influence of all past generations from molding his character. This power is the glory of his nature—connects him with moral government—makes him a responsible agent.

IV. The partial history of the race. Of these forty generations we have for the most but little more than the mention of the name of one individual of each. We talk of "the history of the world," but who knows the history of one of a generation? What a biography has each! What hopes—fears—sorrows—joys—battles—anarchies—epochs—revolutions are connected with one soul! Vast cycles in the great eternity will be absorbed in fathoming the history of man.

V. The common redeemer of the race. Down through all these generations Jesus came. "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil; and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." God redeems man by man.

"Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine."—Milton.

THE ALTAR SANCTIFIETH THE GIFT.—"Ye fools, and blind! for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?" Matt. xxiii, 19.

After impotently and vainly striving to purify and sanctify ourselves, till we feel that there is no health or strength in us, in our utter want and wretchedness, forced even by despair, we go to Christ and find that he alone is the great high-priest who can atone for our sins, and that whenever we do come and cast ourselves, soul, body, and spirit, upon him, he sanctifies and accepts the gift.

The gift once laid upon the altar is sacred. It can not be removed from thence without the most grievous sacrilege. We may not again return to the world or its sinfulness without bringing upon ourselves the wrath of God, and making our last state worse than the first.  
M. K.

IF GOD WILL.—"For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that." James iv, 15.

It was a custom among the Jews to begin all things

with God. They undertook nothing without this holy and devout parenthesis, *If God will*. They otherwise expressed it, *if the name please*; or, *if the name determine so*. The phrase was so common that they abbreviated it, using a letter for a word. But this was not peculiar to the Jews; it was common with all the eastern people. Few books are written in Arabic but they begin with the word *bismillah*—in the name of God. With the Greeks the expression is, *sun Theo*: with the Latins, *Deo volente*.

LOVING AND CHASTENING.—“*For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*” Heb. xii, 6.

It is said, in the East, of a truly-good father, when he is obliged to punish his son—

“*Adikam, oru ki;  
Anikam, oru ki.*”  
One hand, chastises;  
One hand, embraces.

Showing, that though he is obliged to inflict punishment with one hand, yet in his heart he embraces him with the other.

PUTTING THE HAND TO THE PLOW.—“*And Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.*” Luke ix, 62.

The plow used in Syria is so light and simple in its construction, that the husbandman is under the necessity of guiding it with great care, bending over it, and loading it with his own weight, else the share would glide along the surface without making any incision. His mind should be wholly intent on his work, at once to press the plow into the ground and direct it in a straight line. “Let the plowman,” said Hesiod, “attend to his charge and look before him; not turn aside to look on his associates, but make straight furrows, and have his mind attentive to his work.” And Pliny: “Unless the plowman stoop forward” to press his plow into the soil, and conduct it properly, “he will turn it aside.” To such careful and incessant exertion our Lord alludes in that declaration, “No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.”

SHALL HAVE NO NAME IN THE STREET.—“*His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street.*” Job xviii, 17.

“What kind of a man is Ramar?” “I will tell you: his name is in every street;” which means, he is a person of great fame. “Ah! my lord, only grant me this favor and your name shall be in every street.” “Who does not wish his name to be in the streets?” “Wretch, where is thy name? What dog of the street will acknowledge thee?” “From generation to generation shall his name be in the streets.” “Where is thy name written?—in stone? No; it is written in water.”

LAUGHED TO SCORN.—“*All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head.*” Psalm xxii, 7.

Ainsworth has this—“All they that see me, doe skoff at me: they make a mow with the lip, they wag the head.” It is exceedingly contemptuous to protrude the lower lip; and, generally speaking, it is only done to those of a mean condition. Those who can not grant a

favor, or who have not the power to perform something they have been requested to do, “shoot out the lip.” To shake the head is a favorite way of giving the negative, and is also a mark of disdain.

SITTING UNDER HIS VINE AND FIG-TREE.—“*But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts has spoken it.*” Mich. iv, 4.

The people of the East, says Mr. Roberts, have great pleasure in sitting or lounging under their tamarind or mango-trees in the grove. Thus, in the heat of the day, they while away their time in playing with their children, in taking up the fruit, or smoking their much-loved shroot.

This expression, says Mr. Burder, most probably alludes to the delightful Eastern arbors, which were partly composed of vines; and the agreeable retreat which was enjoyed under them might also be found under their fig-trees. Norden expressly speaks of *vine arbors* as common in the gardens, and the Prænestine pavement, in Dr. Shaw, gives us the figure of an ancient one.

DOUBTING.—“*O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*” Matt. xiv, 31.

Ask thy soul these questions: 1. Whether there be any gain by doubting? Faith purifies the heart; but doth doubting purify the heart? 2. Whether there is any thing more pleasing to God than to trust him in and by Jesus Christ, when all comforts are out of view, and when you see nothing but what is contrary to the thing promised? 3. Whether you must not venture upon Christ at the last? and if you must venture upon Christ at the last, why not now? When a man hath to go over a river, though he ride once and again into the water, and come out, saying, I fear it is too deep for me, yet, considering that there is no other way for him, he resolves to venture, for, saith he, the longer I stay the higher the waters will rise, and there is no other way for me—I must go through at the last, why not at the first? and so he ventures through. Thus it is with you. You say, “O, but my heart is not humbled; O, but I am a great sinner; and should I venture upon Jesus Christ?” Will this heart be more humbled by keeping from Jesus, and wilt thou be less a sinner by keeping from him? No, certainly; for the longer you stay from Christ the harder it will be to venture on him at the last. Wherefore, if there be ever a poor, drooping, doubting, fearing, trembling heart in all the congregation, know that I do here, in the name of the Lord, call out to you and say, O soul, man or woman, venture, venture, venture upon Christ now; for you must come to the venturing work at the last; and if at last, why not now?

MADE STRONG BY GRACE.—“*Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.*” 2 Timothy ii, 1.

Luther relates concerning one Staupicius, a German divine, that he acknowledged that before he came to understand the free and powerful grace of Christ, he resolved and vowed a hundred times against a particular sin; yet could never get power over it, nor his heart purified from it, till he came to see that he trusted too much to his own resolutions, and too little to Jesus Christ; but when his faith had engaged against his sin, he obtained the victory.

## HILLS and CURRIES.

**CARAVANSERAI.**—These are the stations on the overland commercial routes throughout the East, at which caravans usually halt for the night. They are thus described by an observant traveler: "The numerous caravanserais that afford so much facility to the internal commerce of Persia, are public edifices constructed by different sovereigns, or by pious individuals. These buildings yield only to the mosques and royal palaces in point of beauty. Their number in a town depends on its trade: on the high roads they are generally situated in places where good water may be readily obtained. A caravanserai is altogether unfurnished, so that each traveler must make use of his carpet. Their form is square, having a large court within; the entrance is through a handsome porch. The chambers are on the inside; the stables are beyond the dwelling—rooms at the further extremity of the building which usually comprises about forty chambers and twenty stables." But with these accommodations a large caravan can be entertained for the night. The chambers are mostly on the second floor of the two-story building, and the stalls for the camels and cattle underneath. When the upper rooms are filled persons are compelled to spread their mats in the stables. It was at a caravanserai, overcrowded with guests, that Joseph stopped with his wife the night upon which Jesus was born.

S. W. W.

**ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.**—There are two classes of Acts of Parliament, *Private and Public Acts*; the latter being subdivided into *Public General* and *Public Local* Statutes. Private Acts are such as affect individual interests; as inclosure, naturalization, and estate Acts. They have no more effect than the ordinary decrees of a court: no judge is bound to interpret them as the known law of the land; and they must be specially pleaded by the party demanding benefit under them before they can be enforced. Those acts which are of a public nature, but limited in their operation, as Acts incorporating Harbor and Turnpike Trusts, Railways and Joint Stock Companies, are called *Public Local* Acts. Such as are of a general and public kind are classed by themselves, and denominated *Public General* Acts. These last two classes are the same in point of legal effect, and they are only distinguished in the parliamentary record by their being separately printed and numbered; the *Public General* Acts being referred to by the large Roman numerals, as 10 and 11 Vict. Cap. XLVIII, and the *Public Local* Acts by the small Roman numerals, as 10 and 11 Vict. Cap. xlviii. All the Acts are regularly printed immediately after they pass both houses and receive the royal assent. Each act is numbered or chaptered in the order in which it is printed, and each year or session has a new series of chapters, the whole being arranged under the year or years of the sovereign's reign during which the session was held.

**THE PALLIUM.**—During the Middle Ages, a badge of honor called the *Pallium*, or pall, a sort of cape or short

cloak anciently worn by the emperors, because, by the concessions of the Popes, a part of the archbishop's dress. At first it denoted dignity, and was conferred on those whose services seemed most to deserve the distinctive mark; but in process of time it acquired a higher distinction, and was thought to signify the plenitude or consummation of the pontifical power, without which the archbishops were not permitted to exercise the duties of their station. As it was of consequence that an intercourse should be maintained between the head and the principal members of the Church, the metropolitans, on their accession to their sees, were directed to make a journey to Rome in order to receive the *Pallium* in person. The formality is still retained in the Catholic Church, and archbishops must still be invested with the badge of their office by the Pope himself. The *Pallium* is made of white lamb's wool, carded, spun, and wove by nuns in the Roman convents, the sheep being fed and sheared expressly for this purpose. On the death of an archbishop his *Pallium* is buried with him, and does not descend to his successor.

W.

**BEARDS.**—Most of the Fathers of the Church wore and approved of the beard. Clement of Alexandria says, "Nature adorned man, like a lion, with a beard, as the mark of strength and power." Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine, and St. Cyprian, are all eloquent in praise of this characteristic feature; about which many discussions were raised in the early ages of the Church, when matters of discipline engaged much of the attention of its leaders. To settle these disputes, at the fourth Council of Carthage—A. D. 252, Can. 44—it was enacted "that a cleric shall not cherish his hair nor shave his beard." ("Clericus nec comam nutriat nec barbam radat.") Bingham quotes an early letter, in which it is said of one who from a layman had become a clergyman, "His habit, gait, and modesty, countenance and discourse, were all religious, and agreeably to these his hair was short and his beard long." A source of dispute 'twixt the Roman and Greek Churches has been the subject of wearing or not wearing the beard. The Greek Church has adhered to the decisions of the early Church, and refused to admit any shaven saint into its calendar, and thereby condemning the Romish Church for the opposite conduct. And on the other hand, the Popes, to make a distinction 'twixt the Eastern and Western decisions, made statutes "*De radendis Barbis*," or shaving the beard. Some, however, believe that faith and nature might be reconciled. The leading English and German Reformers wore their beards, with an exception or two. Most of the Protestant martyrs were burnt in their beards.

**EXPLANATION TO PHILOSOPHICAL PARADOX IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.**—The small china cup within the metallic vessel was protected from currents of air, and is a poorer radiator of heat than the dark metals; hence the water in the metallic vessel arrived at its maximum density and passed to the state of congelation first.

This supplied all the conditions necessary for warming the water in the china cup, as water in passing from the liquid to the solid state gives to surrounding bodies 140° of heat for every atom.

A. B. G.

**QUAKER.**—The origin of the word Quaker is thus given in a recently-published life of George Fox: It was about the time of George's committal to the Derby House of Correction that he and his followers began to be designated by the term Quakers. Gervas Bennett, one of the magistrates that committed him, was admonished by him to quake at the name of the Lord, when Bennett replied that George Fox and his followers might rather quake at the civil authorities—a repartee which, going abroad among the multitude, occasioned Fox and his adherents to be called contemptuously Quakers. It can not but be thought wonderful that a young man of five and twenty, of no learning, except in texts of Scripture and a little sound sense, should have been able to attract sufficient followers to form the foundation of a sect under any title.

**MORAL AGENCY IN HEAVEN.**—A. P. F. in his answer in the February number is, I think, erroneous in several particulars. 1. To say that "free moral agency does not" always and every-where "imply the power and liberty to do wrong," is to utter a blank contradiction. 2. If it were true that "where there is no motive there is no power or liberty to do wrong," then wrong does not now nor ever can exist; but wrong does exist; therefore at some time some sinless being did, without motive or temptation, choose to sin. This position savors of the Edwards theory, and makes man an absolute machine. 3. To say that "the first pair would not have sinned had there been no evil motive presented," is, first, to beg the question, and, second, to assert what never can be proved. 4. To say that "in hell, only evil, and in heaven, only good, can be done, for the reason that there is only evil there and only good here to be chosen," is without reason; and the assumption that good and evil are things external to one's self, which being absent, one can do neither good nor evil, is absurd; for a good man would do and be good in hell, as also an evil one would be and do evil in heaven. All our difficulties on this question will vanish so soon as we attend to a simple distinction; namely, that between natural ability and moral inability. Every free being in earth, hell, or heaven is able—has the absolute power to do a thousand things he never will do. The holiest and sanest man on earth is naturally able to strangle his infant son; but there arises out of his character an infinite improbability of his ever doing it. Charles Elliott, for example, is naturally able to poison, drown, hang, or shoot himself; but it is very improbable he will ever do it. The security of the saved in heaven against a lapse into sin arises not out of their inability to disobey God, but out of a character which renders it as improbable that they will do so as that a pious mother will strangle her new-born infant.

J. P. L.

**ETYMOLOGY OF CHARLATAN.**—There can be no doubt as to the derivation of this word. It suggests itself at once to every one who has but a moderate knowledge of Italian; and it may be found in any good English dictionary from Johnson downward. *Charlatan* comes from the Italian *ciarlatano*, and this from *ciarlare*, "to

chatter," or, rather, "to talk much and in a light, frivolous, and boasting manner." From this verb comes also the substantive *ciarlata*, "chattering." *Charlatan* thus exactly corresponds to our *quack*, for this comes from the verb "to quack," which Johnson defines "to chatter boastingly, to brag loudly, to talk ostentatiously," supporting his definition by the following quotation from Hudibras:

"Believe mechanic virtuosi  
Can raise them mountains in Potosi;  
Seek out for plants with signatures,  
To quack of universal cures."

As for the derivation of *ciarlare*—pronounced *charlare*, the *ch* as in *China*—it will be found, I think, in the Latin *garrulus*—garrirre, to prate, chatter. This may seem somewhat far-fetched; but the Spanish equivalent for *ciarlare* is *charlar*—pronounce the *ch* as in *China*—or *garlar*, which latter is evidently the same word as the Italian *garrulare*, a verb made from *garrulo*, or the Spanish *garrular*. That the hard Latin *g* is sometimes softened in Italian is shown by comparing *giallo*—pronounced jallow, yellow—with the corresponding Latin *galvus*—gilvus, gilbus, galbanus. So *gaudium*, *gioja*—pronounced joya—joy. It is no easy matter to find instances in which a hard Latin *g* has become *c* in Italian, still I find at any rate one, namely, Latin *Gades*, Italian *Cadice*—Cadiz. The converse is more generally the case, as *castigare*, Italian *gastigare*/catus—a tom-cat—Italian *gatto*, etc.

F. C.

**ROMAN CROWNS OF TRIUMPH.**—The Civic Crown, though made only of oaken leaves, was esteemed the most reputable badge of martial virtue, and never bestowed but for saving the life of a citizen, and killing at the same time an enemy. The Laurel Crown was the proper ornament of triumph, as myrtle was of the ovation. Tiberius wore a laurel crown, in the belief that it would protect him from lightning and thunder. The Obsidional Crown, though made only of the common grass that happened to be found upon the scene of action, was esteemed the noblest reward of military glory, and never bestowed but for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last distress. The Mural Crown, an embattled circlet, was given to him who first scaled the walls of a besieged city, and there planted a standard. The Naval Crown was given to him who first boarded an enemy's ship: it was a circle of gold, surmounted by nautical emblems, including the beaks of ships; hence it was called *rostra*.

**BAPTISMAL AND FAMILY NAMES.**—Is there any statute law in any of our states which requires that a child shall bear the name which is given it at baptism? If parents desire to change the child's name after the ordinance is administered, is it necessary for them to have recourse to the courts of law? In case there is no baptismal christening in childhood, when does the right of parents to determine the Christian name cease? Can a father impose a family name upon his child, other than his own, without the intervention of special law? Can an illegitimate child assume the family name of either father or mother, at its own pleasure, and may it bear any other name? What is the English statute on the subject of names, and how far does American law conform to it? These questions are respectfully submitted to legal correspondents.

S. W. W.



## Boys and Girls' Department.

### APRIL FOOL.—A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THERE never was a brighter, more sunshiny morning than the first of April, 185—. To be sure, there was not much green grass to be seen, but the buds on the lilacs and sweetbrier were bursting, and the sheltered gardens had plenty of bright-colored crocus blossoms, and dear little pansies, that had budded under the snow, and lifted up their good-natured faces to the very first sunshine of the Spring. For an hour before sunrise the robins were singing, and the busy bluebirds were picking up straws here and there, stopping now and then to rest on the bare limbs of the old pear-tree, and dash off a bit of a song.

In the city of P—, two little boys, whom I shall call Frank and Willie Arnold, opened their sleepy eyes that morning, and listened for a few moments to the concert the birds were giving out of doors. All at once Willie sprang up in the bed, and tossing his pillow into the air, said,

"O Frank! I've just thought! Don't you know this is April-Fool Day?"

"So it is!" said Frank, opening his eyes very wide; "let's get right up and play some tricks on somebody."

"I know a first-rate trick," said Willie as they were dressing; "I saw the boys at the Grammar school do it last year. They took a piece of money and fastened a string to it, and then laid it down on the steps, and hid behind the fence, keeping hold of the string all the time. Then when any body saw the money and tried to pick it up, they would pull the string and jerk it away, and then how they all would laugh, and call out 'April Fool!'"

"That would be real fun," said Frank; "but we have n't got any money, only our gold dollars, and we might lose them, you know."

"Yes," said Willie. "I know what we can take—that counterfeit quarter that father gave Allie to play store with. It is among her playthings somewhere."

"So we can; but there is n't any hole in it to tie the string to," said Frank.

"Well," said Willie, "we can get Norah to give us the bottle of glue, and stick the money on to the front steps. It will be such fun to see people try to pick it up."

Just as soon as breakfast was over, Frank and Willie hunted up the quarter, and soon had it tightly fastened to the stone step, and then they hid themselves behind the hedge to watch.

The first one who noticed it was a big boy from the baker's shop, and at first they thought he was going to pick it up. But he only laughed a little, and took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and wrote "April Fool!" in great letters by the side of the money, and then went whistling along. The boys had a good deal of trouble to rub off the letters, and just as they had done it, a little girl came slowly down the street. She was very poorly dressed in a thin cotton dress, and her little feet were bare and red. She looked hungry, too, and well she might, for poor little Matty had eaten no breakfast that morning.

Her mother was a poor washerwoman, who lived in a small house on a very narrow, dirty alley, and only a week before she had fallen on the sidewalk and sprained her ankle so badly that she could not walk at all, so she had no way to get food for her two children, and the night before they had eaten their last morsel of bread.

Matty was walking very slowly along, almost forgetting how hungry she was in the joy of looking through the hedge at the beautiful flowers in the garden of the great house, when, all at once, she spied the quarter of a dollar on the step. She sprang forward to pick it up, but it stuck fast to the stone. "It is frozen down," said Matty to herself, and she worked away with her little red fingers. Suddenly the

boys behind the hedge shouted out with laughter, and cried "April Fool! April Fool!" as loud as they could. Poor Matty was sadly frightened, and ran for home as fast as her feet could carry her, never stopping to look behind her. Before she got home she met her brother Martin, who was two years older than she, and told him the whole story. "You stay here by the corner, Matty," said he, "and we will see about the April Fool."

So Martin walked very boldly down street, and when he came to the step where the money was, he stooped and gave it a hard pull. It did not come up, however, and the boys shouted out "April Fool!" at him, as they had done at Matty.

"I would be an April Fool for a quarter any day," said Martin; and, seizing a little stone, he gave the money a sharp blow which loosened it, and then put it in his pocket and walked away. The boys screamed and laughed louder than ever, to think that Martin supposed he had got a real quarter of a dollar.

"Let's follow him," said Willie, "and see what he will do with it."

So the boys followed, keeping a little way behind Martin, and pretending not to notice him. "I've got it," said Martin, as he came up to Matty; "and now we'll go to the baker's and get something for breakfast."

"O, Martin!" said the little girl, "what would mother say? Are you sure it will be right to keep it?"

"Of course it will," said Martin. "Those boys put it there to fool people with, and it is no more than fair for them to be fooled themselves."

The two children went into the baker's shop, and Frank and Willie crept up to the window and peeped in.

"I want a loaf of bread, sir," said Martin, holding the money in his hand.

The baker pushed a loaf across the counter to him, and took the quarter, but as soon as he saw it he looked very sharply at Martin, and said,

"Here, you young rascal, did n't you know this money was bad?"

"Indeed, I did not sir," said Martin earnestly. "I found it stuck down on Mr. Arnold's stone steps."

The baker's boy, who heard this, burst into a loud laugh, and said, "It is only an April-Fool trick, father; I marked that quarter once to-day."

Martin laid the loaf down on the counter, and, taking his sister by the hand, was going out. But Matty was so much disappointed that she could not help crying, and saying, "O, Martin, I am so hungry!"

"Here," said the baker, "you shall have the loaf; no, wait a minute; here is something better for you;" and he put the wheat loaf back and brought out a large brown loaf, warm from the oven. "There," said he, "that will make a good breakfast for hungry folks;" and then he gave each of the children a small white roll.

Matty ate hers almost before she got into the street, and when the boys saw how hungry she was, they forgot all about what good fun they had been having. "O, Martin," said Matty, as they hurried along, "did n't mother say this morning that God would take care of us if we only trusted in him? and now he has sent us such a nice breakfast."

"Yes," said Martin, "and do you know, Matty, mother did not have a bit of supper last night? I watched her when she broke the bread, and she only made two pieces. I'm taking my roll home to her, and do n't you tell her that I have n't had one."

The children were so delighted with the bread they were taking home that they never noticed Frank and Willie; indeed, I do not think they would have known if a couple of policemen had been following them; but very soon they

reached the little brown house, and hurried in, shutting the door after them, so the boys could only turn about and go home.

"What are you thinking about, Willie?" asked Frank as they walked slowly back.

"I was thinking how thankful those children seemed to be for dry bread, and only this morning you know I was vexed because I could not have currant jelly on my buttered toast. I'll tell you what, Frank, would n't it be nice for us to buy a basket of things to eat and carry it to them? I'll give half of my gold dollar if you'll give half of yours."

"Well," said Frank, "let's go to the store and ask father if we may."

Every thing else was forgotten in the eager race to the store, and then they could hardly get breath to tell their errand. They had to tell their father the whole story, and this was a little hard, for they knew he would not approve of such tricks.

"Do you know who this woman is?" said Mr. Arnold.

"Yes, sir," said Frank; "it is Mrs. Ray, that washes for aunt Lois; I know, for I've seen Matty before."

"Well, then," said their father, "I will lend you the money for the present, and I think I had better help you make your purchases."

So he went to a grocer's and filled a large basket with such provisions as he thought would be most useful, and then, going back to his store, he wrote something on a card and tied it to the basket.

Willie looked at the card, and found written on it, "*For Mrs. Ray. From two little April Fools.*"

"O, father," said he, "that is too bad in you!"

But Frank laughed, and said he liked it first rate; so they started with the basket. They put it on the little wooden step, and then gave a loud knock on the door and ran around the corner. They watched long enough to see little Matty try in vain to lift the basket in, and Martin come to help her, and then they ran away to school with their hearts full of happiness.

"I know a trick worth two of that," said Willie, as they found the boys at the Grammar school watching a penny with a string tied to it.

"I think April-Fool tricks are *real* mean," said Frank; "and I never mean to try another."

"Nor I," said Willie, "unless it is such a one as that last with the basket."

WHICH THE ANGELS LOVED.—A child was standing on the marble steps of an elegant mansion. Her dress was such as a princess might covet, and golden curls fell in ringlets about her shoulders. She stood in the graceful attitude of childhood enraptured with some great joy. Her pet rose-tree was all in blossom, and now two robins having built their nests there, were pouring forth their sweetest notes in song, and she was listening, her cherry lips parted, her blue eyes sparkling with delight. Slow, noiseless footsteps approached, and a little bare-foot girl, clothed in torn and soiled garments, sat down on those same steps, to rest her weary limbs; passers-by admired the beauty of one, and pitied the distress of the other.

Half an hour before the angels looked down from their shining home, more pleased with the child of poverty than with the one on whom wealth had ever smiled so lavishly; for the only child of the inmates of that costly mansion had been deprived of one small pleasure, amid the many that were constantly hers, and a heart swelling with anger, sullen looks, and unpleasant words, were the result.

Far down in a lonely alley, the child with the soiled garments might be seen patiently waiting upon an invalid mother, while, deprived of almost every comfort, she still murmured not, but was cheerful at her toil.

She knew she would be no happier to fret about her hard lot; it would make her mother's pillow no softer, nor the sun shine any brighter, and she felt that *now* she was repaid by the smiles of the angels, for she knew by her Bible that *they* loved those of meek and gentle spirit.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your China vase!"

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief—go up stairs till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life. O, what were a thousand vases in comparison with a truth-loving spirit?

OUR DOMESTIC INSTITUTION.—In our humble home we have a little "four-year-old" who is, to say the least, quite an "institution." When a little past two years old, his sister Mattie was carrying him backward and forward across the chamber to allure him to his night slumbers. There was a wild storm coming up from the south-west. The clouds were dark, and the muttering thunder told of a night of terror. Dally was in the arms of his sister, and, as we all thought, sound asleep; but a sudden and sharp clap of thunder startled him, and moved by the fearful roar of heaven's artillery, he sprang almost out of the arms of his nurse, and at the top of his voice cried out, "Down on de brakes! down on de brakes!" as if he expected the most prompt and explicit obedience.

Some time after this his sister asked him who made him. "Why," said he, "Kiss Kinkle made Dally." Directly his ma came in the room, and his sister told him to tell his ma who made him. He looked up at his ma, and fearing to trifle, said he with quite a constrained solemnity, "Why, Mister Dod made Dally."

Last night his sister asked him who was the first man. He answered, "Adam." "What did he eat?" she asked. "He eat a apple." "Then what did the Lord say?" "He opy de gate and say, walk out, sir—walk out, sir, yite stait."

He asks many questions, and sometimes puts interrogatories that more than puzzles his ma's philosophy. He asked her the other night, "What did Dod make the tars [stars] out of?" She could not say. "Well, den tell me what he made de moon out of." This, too, she could not answer, nor could I. H.

DEAD BUGGY.—While going home from quarterly meeting, our little boy, two years and a half old, observed a carriage at the side of the road with two of its wheels off and broken; struck with the sad wreck, he exclaimed, "O, pa! pa! there's a *dead buggy*!"

L. H.

HAD N'T BEEN VACCINATED.—My little boy, nearly three and a half years old, was telling the servant that Job had sores from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. She asked him what he thought about it. He replied, "I 'spect Job had n't been vaccinated, and caught the small-pox."

F. P. R.

## Familiar Drawings.

**STEPHEN GRELLET AND THOMAS PAINE.**—We have read with much interest lately the memoir of Stephen Grellet, well known as a benevolent Christian man and a preacher among the Friends. The following extract will be read with deep interest, as showing the views of *Thomas Paine* shortly before his death:

I may not omit recording here the death of Thomas Paine. A few days previous to my leaving home on my last religious visit, on hearing that he was ill and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends, that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him, and some needful comforts were supplied. He was mostly in a state of stupor, but something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him, that some days after my departure he sent for me, and on being told that I was gone from home, he sent for another friend.

This induced a valuable young friend, Mary Roscoe, who had resided in my family, and continued at Greenwich during part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbor.

Once, when she was there, three of his deistical associates came to the door and in a loud, unfeeling manner said, "Tom Paine, it is said you are turning Christian; but we hope you will die as you have lived," and then went away. On which, turning to Mary Roscoe, he said, "You see what miserable comforters they are." Once he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings; and on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, "From such a one as you I expect a correct answer." She told him that, when very young, his "Age of Reason" was put in her hands, but that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. "I wish all had done as you," he replied, "for if the devil has ever had any agency in any work, he has had in my writing that book." When going to carry him some refreshment, she repeatedly heard him uttering the language, "O Lord! Lord God!" or "Lord Jesus! have mercy on me."

It is well known that during some weeks of his illness, when a little free from bodily pain, he wrote a great deal; this his nurse told me, and Mary Roscoe repeatedly saw him writing. If his companions in infidelity had found any thing to support the idea that he continued on his death-bed to espouse their cause, would they not have eagerly published it? But not a word is said; there is a total secrecy as to what has become of these writings.

**A SOLDIER'S ESTIMATE OF GLORY.**—Sir Charles Napier, so distinguished for his military services in India, on receiving dispatches from the English Government, making him Governor of Scinde, with additional pay, and ordering a triumphal column to be cast from the guns he had captured, wrote:

I wish the Government would let me go back to my wife and girls; it would be to me more than pay, glory, and honor. This is glory, is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrendered their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me and attached to my own country. Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it that the moment I can all shall be resigned to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repay, is agreeable only as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. O, if I can do any good to serve them where so much

blood has been shed in accursed war, I shall be happy! May I never see another shot fired!

**PROFESSOR WEBSTER AND A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.**—Conscience has a terrific power. The wicked may say,

"I'll not meddle with it;"

but it will meddle with them. The following sad illustration is well authenticated:

When Professor Webster was awaiting his trial, he brought against his fellow-prisoners the charge of insulting him through the walls of his cell, and screaming to him, "You are a bloody man!" On examination it was found that the charge was wholly groundless, and that these accusing voices were imaginary, being but the echo of a guilty conscience.

**O'CONNELL AND THE REPORTER.**—The London Times sent one of its editorial staff, a Mr. Russell, to report the speeches of O'Connell during the Repeal agitation. The outcome is related as follows:

One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but, in his oliest manner, informed the assembled audience that "till that gentleman was provided with all writin' convaniences, he would n't spake a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began and were completed; Russell was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan.

"Quite ready."

"Now, are you sure you're intirely ready?"

"I'm certain, sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said: "Now, 'pon my conscience, I won't begin the speech till the London gentleman is intirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention, and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the present editor of the Army and Navy Gazette, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

**POWER OF ILLUSTRATION.**—A very clever article in the Indiana School Journal, on the Power of Illustration, has the following good points:

Nothing tends more to make one "apt to teach" than the power of clear, pointed illustration. This is shown by the best of all proofs, experience. How frequent, forcible, and beautiful are the illustrations of Christ, the great teacher! He is the most successful teacher who makes his pupils think most on the subject under consideration—*think for themselves, use their own powers*. Now, any illustration to aid in this work must have both point and handle, or the scholar will neither feel nor hold it. Better make a girl revolve around a stove-pipe than get no clear conception of the relative positions of earth and sun. Better make John strike James in grammar-class than have either of them go to their seats without knowing the difference between actor and receiver.

Humorous illustrations may often be used with more effect than serious ones. Discretion must of course be shown in their selection and use. A long, funny story, that would take the minds of the scholars from the lessons when it should fasten the lesson upon their minds, manifestly would be out

of place. But who would object to a teacher's asking a boy, who in his hasty reading said, "The Turkey woke"—Turk awoke—why did n't you take a gun and pop him over? Why not illustrate the importance of proper pauses by the following passage: "And he said unto his sons, 'saddle me, the ass.' So they saddled him—the ass."

As to proper pauses, we have heard hymns read as poorly as this—

"The Lord will come, and he will not—  
Keep silence, but speak out!"

**GEMS FROM NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.**—More curious than the "Curiosities of Literature" are *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. They abound in gems of rarest quality. We excerpt a few, taken almost at random:

**Unchangeableness Amid the Changes of Nature.**—To the observer of physical science, it may be said truly, the subject is uniform and constant. Gold, iron, are the same metals now and heretofore—here and in every place. The races of living nature have continued unchanged. The growth of every plant is a constant process. Every Spring brings the same blossoms—every Autumn the same fruit. The same air breathes—the same showers fall—the same ocean rolls to all nations through all time. The stars keep their place, and the planets their motion, and Astronomy, from the sun's latest eclipse, can read back the heavens to the moment when his orb was first darkened in the sky.

**Goethe and Shakspeare.**—That comparisons are often odious I know—but then only when made in a spirit of detraction from what shining by itself is glorious; the idolaters of Goethe set him above Shakspeare—not by declaration of faith—for they durst not—but virtually and insidiously—for they either name not the Swan of Avon, or let him sail away down the river of life, with some impatient flourish about the beauty of his plumage, and then falling on their foolish faces before Faust, break out into worship in the gabble of the unknown tongue. Shakspeare!

"Creation's heir! the world is thine."

**Goethe's Faust.**—It is declared by all great and true German scholars, that the poem of Faust in execution is as perfect as in conception magnificent, and that Goethe has brought to bear on that wonderful work not only all the creative energy of a rare genius, and all the soul-searching wisdom of a high philosophy, but likewise all the skill of a consummate artist, and all possible knowledge and power over his native speech. His was the unconfin'd inspiration from above, that involuntarily moves harmonious numbers; and his the regulated enthusiasm from below, that enables the poet to interfuse with the forms of earth the fire of heaven.

**Goethe and Wordsworth.**—Wordsworth's world is not Goethe's world—the Wordsworthian star, like that of Jove itself, "so beautiful and large," is not like the star of Goethe. Both are the brightest of the bright; but the breath of peace envelops the one, with "an ampler ether, a diviner air"—at its height, the other often looks troubled, and seems to reel in his sphere, with a lurid but still celestial light.

**The Images of Peace.**—At this hour, so sweet and solemn, my filial love prays for the eternity o' a' images o' peace. Pure be the sunshine as the snow on the bonny breist o' Scotland, and may the ages, as they roll along, multiply the number o' her honored graves! Still may she be the land o' freedom, and genius, and virtue, and religion! And see, sir, hoo the evenin' sun is bathin' a' the serene circle o' the hills in a mair verdant light—for there's a communion between the heart o' Nature and the hearts o' her worshiper, and if you want her fac to look beautifu', you have but to let rise within you a gentle feeling or a noble thocht.

**Getting Old.**—True that I'm getting rather auld, but I'm no frightened at that thocht, only sometimes pensy about them that I shall see day hae to leave behind me in a world where my voice will be mute. But what's singular to my case in that? You needna look at me, my dear sir, wi' a wat ee—for mine ains are dry—and for ae tear I shed on wee

Jamie's head I shower down ten thousan' smiles. The holiest affections o' natur' may grow into habits. Noo it's no a matter o' prudence wi' me—nor yet o' feelosophy—for I hae little o' either—but it's a duty o' religion wi' me, sirs, to encourage a cheerfu' disposition throughout a' ordinar hours, and in a' the mair serious and solemn, which, though like angel-visits, are neither short nor far atween, hope, faith, and resignation—knowing that in His hands are the issues of life and death.

**Philosophy and Religion.**—I ken Scotland's no what she ance was—but I believe that instead o' continuin' to get waur, she'll get better—for that cant about the decent observance o' this, and the decent observance o' that, and the rational view o' this soobject, and the leebler view o' that ither soobject, will no much langer stand the test o' reason—for reason enlightened to the hicht kens that the cause o' a' good resides, as Cowper says, in that heavenly word—Religion; and that Faith reëstablished, what's ca'd Philosophy—that's waur nor superstition—will die—then men will feel, that, to leeve as they ought to do, ither instruction and ither support are necessary than they can get frae a' the books that ever were or will be printed—and which seeking, they shall find in One.

**Scotland and its Church.**—The spirit of the age in Scotland is religious, and the people, in spite of all this noise, love its simple Church. Great cause have they for their love—for that simple Church has cared for them, and they owe all that is best in their character to its ministrations. Philosophy has not made our people what they are—neither moral nor natural philosophy—though both are excellent; human science can not control the will—but in the will lies all good and all evil—and to know how to gain dominion over them, search the Scriptures.

**Who is Blind?**—Alas for the people who will not search the Scriptures! Then, indeed, may they be ca'd "the lower orders"—below the beasts that perish. Men ca' the wee sleek mole blin' because he has na een they can see, and leeves darklin' in the moul—but he has een fitted for his condition as well as the eagle's—and travels along his earth-galleries aneath the soil as surely as the royal bird along his air-paths on the sky. But we that ca' him blin' are far blinner oursel's; for we forget we hae speeritual as weel as corporeal een—that they see by a different light—far ither objects—and that the ae set may be gleg and bricht, while the ither's blunt and opaque—the corporeal far-keepers indeed, that wi' the aid o' telescopes can look into the heart o' the fixed stars—the speeritual sae narrow-ranged, that a's black before them as a wa', though God-given to gaze in the verra gates o' heaven.

**Portrait of Wordsworth.**—How placid and profound the expression of the whole bard! The face is Miltonic—even to the very eyes; for though, thank Heaven, they are not blind, there is a dimness about the orbs. The temples I remember shaded with thin hair of an indescribable color, that in the sunlight seemed a kind of mild auburn—but now they are bare—and—nothing to break it—the height is majestic. No furrows—no wrinkles on that contemplative forehead—the sky is without a cloud—

"The image of a poet's soul,  
How calm! how tranquil! how serene!"

It faintly smiles. There is light and motion round the lips, as if they were about to discourse "most eloquent music." In my imagination that mouth is never mute—I hear it—

"Murmuring by the living brooks,  
A music sweeter than their own."

**Autumn's Bowers.**—Sweet are Autumn's rustling bowers, but sweeter far her still—when dying leaf after dying leaf drops unreluctantly from the spray—all noiseless as snow-flakes—and like them erelong to melt away into the bosom of mother earth. It seems but yesterday when they were buds!

**The Blockhead.**—You bring an ordinary blockhead to the test—talent he has none—sentence is recorded—and thenceforth he never passes the window of a wig-maker without a sympathetic sigh.



## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**RESULTS OF MODERN MISSIONS.**—Modern missionary effort has given to 20,000,000 of people in Asia, Africa, and America, the inestimable benefit of a written language, and this, as it has been their gift, has also been consecrated and used by missionaries as the means of diffusing a knowledge of Christ and his revelation. Twenty dialects of Africa have thus been enlisted in the cause of truth. In one of these, the language of 3,000,000 of men, a newspaper is published, printed by the natives themselves, and circulating among 3,000 readers. Thus, then, the Word of God has been translated, and a Christian literature commenced for five-sixths of the heathen inhabitants of the world. In this department of effort most of the difficulties have been overcome. May we not regard this as a promise of still greater success? In benighted Africa about 100 Churches have been organized in different parts of the coast and interior, and more than 10,000 converts have been gathered into them. In India 1,170 missionaries, native preachers, and catechists, are employed; 75,000 scholars are taught in the mission schools, of whom 15,000 are Hindoo girls; and 125,000 converts have been gained, not including those who have finished their course. In China about 90 missionaries are laboring at 14 different stations. Throughout the whole of the mission field nearly 3,000 European and American missionaries and their assistants, and more than 6,000 native agents of all kinds are engaged, having around them about 500,000 persons brought under the influence of the truth. The Churches thus gathered are *germinal Churches*, generally dispersed over a wide field of labor, and at the same time occupying positions of great influence.

**EASTERN AND WESTERN VIRGINIA.**—The State of Virginia is traversed by the Blue Ridge—running north-easterly and south-westerly. Of the one hundred and forty-eight counties in the State, one hundred lie east and forty-eight west of the Blue Ridge.

White inhabitants in the State.....	1,047,579
Slaves.....	491,453

Total.....	1,539,035
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The number of slaves in the forty-eight Western counties has decreased 1,115 during the past ten years.

No. slaves east of the Blue Ridge.....	486,456
No. slaves west of the Blue Ridge.....	5,000

The increase of whites in the State during the past decade is as follows:

One hundred Eastern counties.....	72,967
Forty-eight Western counties.....	79,812

Total gain whites.....	152,779
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It will be seen by the above data that more than *fifty per cent.* of the increase of the white free population—the only substantial population of any State—has been in less than one-third of the counties, and those the counties in which slavery has become almost extinct.

**METHODIST MISSIONS.**—The forty-second Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church shows the following condition of our missionary opera-

tions: There are now in connection with this Society seven foreign and five domestic missions, with 67 missionaries, 95 assistants, and 2,493 native members in the foreign field; and 341 missionaries, 254 assistants, and 24,791 native members in the domestic field. The receipts for the past year were \$262,722.77.

**MISSIONS IN THE PACIFIC.**—The Sandwich Islands, with a population of 60,000, have about 30 missionaries; the Marquesas Islands, with 20,000 population, have 7 Hawaiian missionaries; the Society Islands have 10,000 people, with 7 missionaries; the Hervey Islands, 70,000, and 6 missionaries; the Friendly Islands, 50,000, and 9 missionaries; the Samoan Islands, 30,000, and 15 missionaries; the Micronesian Islands, 75,000, and 6 ordained missionaries; New Zealand, with a native population of 50,000, has 51 missionaries.

**WESLEYAN METHODIST PERIODICALS.**—The circulation of the Wesleyan Methodist periodicals in England has wonderfully increased the present year. Second editions of the January Magazines and the Sunday School Magazine had to be reprinted. The Wesleyan Magazine has attained a circulation of 31,000 monthly, the Christian Miscellany, 63,000, the Sunday School Magazine, 38,000, and the Early Days, 62,000. The increase on the Magazine alone is more than 6,000, compared with the past year.

**MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.**—A mission to Abyssinia is about to be commenced by the United Methodist Free Church of England. Dr. Krapf, a well-known German minister, and traveler in Africa, has offered his services, and his theological views being found to coincide with those of Methodism, he has been received. Four young men are to accompany him, two of whom are to be taken from the home work, and two to be selected from a missionary seminary in Switzerland, recommended by Dr. Krapf as being likely to furnish men of the required stamp. They probably sailed from England last month.

**BOHEMIAN PROTESTANTISM.**—A remarkable movement is taking place among the Roman Catholic population of Bohemia. In one village—that of Spalow—sixty heads of families have renounced the errors of Rome, and have been publicly received into the communion of the Lutheran Church. It is said that in that place all the inhabitants above eighteen have either been admitted, or have applied for admission, into the Protestant Church. In many adjacent villages a similar work is progressing.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL PERIODICALS.**—The Sunday School Teachers' Journal has already attained a circulation of 25,000 copies. Of the last volume of the Sunday School Advocate, 138,000 were printed at New York, and 89,000 at Cincinnati; total, 227,000; an increase over the preceding volume of 19,000 copies. The *Die Sonntag Schul Glocke*—the Sunday School Bell—published in German at Cincinnati, has 14,500 subscribers; and *Der Kinderfreund*—The Children's Friend—published at Bremen, 2,100. The latter paper is now published semi-monthly

**SUNDAY SCHOOL STATISTICS.**—Elsewhere we have noticed the annual report of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church. That report is full of interesting facts. We excerpt its general statistics for the benefit of our readers. While reading these statistics, let our readers remember that seventy-five years ago there was not a solitary Sunday school on this continent.

CONFERENCE.	Schools	Officers and Teachers	Scholars	Volumes in Library	Bible Classes	Infant Scholars	Conversions
Arkansas...	1	34	11	78	.....	.....	.....
Baltimore...	537	4,470	23,202	64,623	562	2,132	.....
Black River...	344	2,999	14,472	39,827	187	759	447
California...	105	834	4,495	23,588	75	610	34
Central Ill.	322	3,158	16,497	61,884	364	2,776	.....
Cent'l Ohio	295	3,316	17,677	59,314	296	2,005	350
Cincinnati...	422	5,941	32,195	89,940	662	5,472	1,190
Detroit...	327	2,975	15,486	46,821	158	1,139	204
East Bal'te.	472	6,734	32,524	104,791	735	4,178	1,179
E. Genesee	400	4,292	21,972	55,642	230	2,258	382
East Maine	166	1,430	8,752	25,472	186	412	218
Erie...	592	5,753	25,635	80,366	451	2,749	500
Genesee...	236	2,289	11,412	35,056	146	840	161
Illinois...	480	4,229	23,970	76,822	411	3,654	1,188
Indiana...	300	2,610	15,022	38,740	172	1,567	466
Iowa...	244	2,431	14,307	36,589	368	1,875	517
Kan. & Neb.	94	643	3,944	10,074	80	172	.....
Kentucky...	34	261	1,571	4,493	44	192	37
Maine...	128	1,515	8,770	29,379	202	619	234
Michigan...	315	2,698	13,758	40,251	182	944	272
Minnesota...	162	1,238	5,389	16,149	150	978	159
Missouri...	37	353	1,765	5,219	.....	.....	.....
Newark...	302	3,483	20,849	73,468	319	2,652	464
N. England...	165	2,891	20,714	65,693	822	3,609	598
N. Hamp's	119	1,620	11,692	34,569	505	909	385
New Jersey	278	4,158	22,315	66,972	322	2,320	622
New York...	470	5,822	29,829	91,474	464	3,960	860
N. Y. East...	234	4,172	25,547	74,690	374	3,960	.....
N. Indiana...	362	3,683	19,401	53,205	159	1,203	.....
North Ohio	317	3,645	18,276	59,356	391	3,395	621
N. W. Ind.	258	2,449	14,297	32,817	323	1,843	.....
N. W. Wis.	69	433	1,918	6,435	59	191	26
Ohio...	652	6,344	32,808	101,796	954	5,219	1,756
Oncida...	296	2,943	14,939	43,410	188	1,119	402
Oregon...	62	381	1,739	10,272	27	153	.....
Philadel'a.	579	8,950	53,433	158,515	835	8,506	1,995
Pittsburg...	533	6,655	36,008	95,214	677	5,208	1,049
Providence...	150	2,389	15,813	67,982	461	1,056	241
Rock River	363	3,881	20,842	59,507	375	2,466	563
S. E. Ind'a.	292	2,949	17,338	47,517	358	2,551	492
S. Illinois...	366	3,142	16,389	46,842	255	2,338	.....
Troy...	453	5,103	28,849	85,228	589	4,005	817
Upper Iowa	255	2,373	11,303	38,280	261	1,529	.....
Vermont...	116	1,144	7,216	24,965	422	619	232
West. Iowa	126	1,029	5,290	11,885	85	500	66
W. Virginia	275	2,520	11,523	29,627	341	1,949	492
West Wis...	194	1,743	8,274	20,582	112	721	131
Wisconsin...	243	2,368	11,555	34,926	158	1,195	337
Wyoming...	286	2,671	14,829	49,200	135	1,041	.....
Germ. Mis.	36	215	2,030	1,374	.....	.....	.....
Liberia do.	24	173	986	930	.....	.....	.....
Buen Ayres	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total.....	13,447	148,652	807,988	2,421,849	15,730	99,618	19,517
Last year	12,800	140,627	747,148	2,375,373	14,443	87,423	20,580
Increase.	638	8,105	60,840	146,476	1,287	12,195	.....
Decrease.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1,063

**ENGLISH REVENUE.**—The whole net revenue of England for the year ending December 31, 1860, amounted to £71,967,495, about equal, in round numbers, to \$360,000,000. This is but the net amount. The cost of collection, estimated at an average of 8 per cent., would make the gross amount of English taxation \$77,700,000, or \$388,500,000, to be paid by a population smaller than our own, and the majority of them much poorer.

**GRADUATED TEXT-BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**—Dr. Floy, we are pleased to learn, is now engaged in the preparation of this series. Three or four of the books will be issued during the current year. They have long been a desideratum in our Sunday school department.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.**—The annual Minutes of the Church South present the following statistical returns for the year:

CONFERENCE.	Pres.	Sup.	Local	White	Colored	Colored	Indian	Indian	Total	Ex-
	Pers.	Pers.	Members	Members	Members	Members	Members	Members	Members	Members
1. Kentucky...	80	13	220	17,692	5,000	642	.....	.....	25,311	1,410
2. Louisville...	83	13	251	21,447	2,483	4,120	.....	.....	28,096	1,721
3. Mississippi...	101	13	167	17,717	1,175	2,006	.....	.....	22,451	2,011
4. St. Louis...	102	10	270	19,647	3,639	1,375	.....	.....	24,661	1,666
5. Kansas Mission...	30	16	1,039	408	1,034	100	.....	.....	40,535	3,436
6. Tennessee...	192	9	308	34,301	5,348	.....	.....	.....	62,787	1,622
7. Missouri...	127	9	396	29,838	4,632	6,044	.....	.....	42,506	939
8. Maryland...	157	14	189	18,691	4,632	7,092	.....	.....	37,976	4,102
9. Mississippi...	127	14	189	18,691	4,632	7,092	.....	.....	37,976	4,102
10. Louisiana...	127	14	189	18,691	4,632	7,092	.....	.....	37,976	4,102
11. Virginia...	133	5	174	38,732	2,441	6,894	.....	.....	48,068	2,190
12. Western Virginia...	133	5	174	38,732	2,441	6,894	.....	.....	48,068	2,190
13. North Carolina...	122	7	189	28,633	2,441	6,894	.....	.....	48,068	2,190
14. South Carolina...	171	6	220	34,331	5,348	.....	.....	.....	40,535	3,436
15. Georgia...	297	28	682	46,652	10,007	12,683	.....	.....	71,316	5,116
16. Alabama...	222	15	663	36,965	9,010	12,683	.....	.....	71,316	5,116
17. Florida...	84	6	123	8,745	2,308	1,021	.....	.....	10,074	1,021
18. Mississippi...	117	7	189	18,691	4,632	7,092	.....	.....	37,976	4,102
19. Texas...	22	7	110	12,694	3,187	1,983	.....	.....	17,814	1,983
20. Arkansas...	24	4	111	11,177	2,397	1,031	.....	.....	14,777	1,031
21. Louisiana...	24	4	111	11,177	2,397	1,031	.....	.....	14,777	1,031
22. Western...	24	4	111	11,177	2,397	1,031	.....	.....	14,777	1,031
23. Indian Mission...	62	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
24. Pacific...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total this year.....	2,615	169	5,383	454,293	82,893	171,867	.....	.....	757,295	34,726
Total last year.....	2,494	167	5,177	438,435	73,166	163,586	.....	.....	721,023	33,400

There are six bishops. The total increase is thirty-six thousand. South Carolina has a colored membership of nearly fifty thousand.

**DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S MOTHER.**—Marie Louise Victoire, widow of Edward, Duke of Kent, and mother of the present Queen of Great Britain, died at her residence, near Windsor, March 16th. She was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld-Cobourg, and was born August 17, 1786. She was a most excellent mother, and her example and care fostered the development of the many virtues which adorn the character of the reigning Queen.

**EDUCATION IN BOSTON.**—The number of high school-houses in Boston is 2; grammar school-houses, 19; primary school-houses, 58—52 buildings being occupied exclusively, and six in part. There are 221 primary schools in buildings owned by the city, and 25 in buildings leased. The number of scholars in the public schools in 1860 was 32,641; increase over last year, 3,732; teachers, 533.

**LUTHERANS IN FRANCE.**—The Lutheran Church of France has a population of from 300,000 to 500,000 attached to it. The State pays about \$82,000 toward the support of its pastors—the number in actual service being 259.

## Library Notes.

(1.) THUCYDIDES. *Recensuit Joannes Gulielmus Donaldson.* 2 vols.

(2.) EURIPIDES. *Ex Recensione Frederici A. Paley.* 3 vols.

(3.) VERGILIUS. *Ex Recensione J. Conington, A. M.*—These volumes belong to the series of Greek and Latin authors issued by the Harpers, New York, and are unaccompanied by notes, except an occasional criticism on the text. The only edition of the classics with which we are acquainted, equal to this, is that of the Parkers, printed at the University press, Oxford. They are printed in a type most agreeable to the eye; and the publishers are entitled to the thanks of all lovers of ancient literature for supplying them with so neat a text to read from. We are more than half tempted to renew our acquaintance with the classics in these volumes. For sale by Rickey & Carroll, Cincinnati.

(4.) TRUMPS. *A Novel. By G. W. Curtis.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll. 12mo. 502 pp. \$1.50.—Having read "Trumps" on the title-page, we went no further.

(5.) THE WITS AND BEAUX OF SOCIETY. *By Grace and Philip Wharton.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll. 12mo. 481 pp. \$1.50.—The success of the "Queens of Society" has led the way for the "Wits and Beaux," in which the great wits and beaux of the world are sketched. In the volume we find sketches of George Villiers, Grammont, Fielding, Nash, Scarron, Walpole, Selwyn, Sheridan, Brummell, Syd. Smith, Hook, and others. There are also sketches of some of the celebrated literary clubs.

(6.) THE ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE WEST INDIES. *By Wm. G. Sewell.* New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll. 12mo. 325 pp. \$1.00.—This volume is made up of letters published originally in the New York Times. Those letters have since been revised and enlarged. The aim of the author seems to have been to embody such statistical and other information as he had been able to gain from personal observation, concerning the West Indian population, their habits and customs, their industry, their commerce, and their government. His survey extended over the islands of Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Antigua, Jamaica, etc.

(7.) MY LIFE, AND WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT? *A question for young educated women. By an Old Maid.* Third edition. London: Longman & Co. 16mo. 350 pp.—Worth bushels of tracts and scores of lectures on woman's rights.

(8.) STORIED TRADITIONS OF SCOTTISH LIFE. *By Alexander Leighton.* 16mo. 305 pp. Edinburgh: E. P. Nimmo.

(9.) THE INFANT CLASS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. *An Essay. By Chas. Bud.* London: Sunday School Union.

(10.) LESSONS FOR INFANT CLASSES. *With an Introduction on Infant Class Teaching.* London: B. L. Green.

(11.) SENIOR CLASSES IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS: *their Importance, and the Mode of Conducting them.* By W. H. Watson. London: Sunday School Union.

(12.) A YEAR IN EUROPE. *By Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D.* Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing-House. 12mo. 520 pp. \$1.25.—Sketchy, life-like, full of graphic pictures, chaste, yet flowing in style, and rich in facts and lessons of the past and of the present.

(13.) THE OLD LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE. *By Alexander Clark.* Philadelphia: Leary, Getz & Co. 12mo. 288 pp.—The "old log school-house" is an "institution" in all the free States of North America. Wherever it may have ceased as a fact, it nevertheless still lives as a memory. This volume is filled with stories and facts all calculated to enhance the value of the common school in the public estimation.

(14.) STORIES OF FRONTIER ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH AND WEST. *By W. T. Coggeshall.* Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 12mo. 313 pp. \$1.25.—Mr. Coggeshall is well known to our readers by his contributions to the Repository. His contributions to juvenile literature have been received by the public with marked approbation.

(15.) HEADLANDS OF FAITH; *comprising a series of Dissertations on the Cardinal Truths of Christianity.* By Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D. 12mo. 341 pp. \$1. Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing-House.

(16.) STRAY LEAVES FROM THE BUDGET OF AN ITINERANT. *By Rev. John H. Pitezel.* Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. 16mo. 192 pp.—Mr. Pitezel has already given to the public two or three excellent books which have had a large sale. This will fully equal the others in permanent value, and, we hope, far surpass them in popularity.

(17.) ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST PULPIT; *or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished Clergymen of the Methodist Denomination in the United States, from its Commencement to the close of the year 1855.* With a Historical Introduction. By W. B. Sprague, D. D. New York: Carter & Brother. 8vo. 848 pp.—Notice next month.

(18.) THE NORTH BRITISH, *for February,* contains: India Convalescent; Shelley and his Recent Biographers; Large Farms and the Peasantry of the Scottish Lowlands; Lord Dundonald; Modern Necromancy; Engineering and Engineers; The Political Press—British, French, and German; Home Ballads and Poems; Hessey's Bampton Lecture; Dr. Carlyle's Autobiography; Lord Palmerston and our Foreign Policy.

(19.) BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, *for February,* contains: School and College Life: its Romance and Reality; Carthage and its Remains; Spontaneous Gen-

eration; The Transatlantic Telegraph—Iceland Route; Norman Sinclair: an Autobiography—Part XIII; Biographia Dramatica; Judicial Puzzles—Eliza Fenning; The Foreign Secretary. This, together with London, Edinburgh, Westminster, and North British Review, are republished by Leonard Scott, New York city, at \$10 per annum. George N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street, is the Cincinnati agent for these publications.

(20.) CATALOGUES.—1. *Athenian Society*, Indiana University, Bloomington. 2. *Clark Seminary*, Aurora Ill., Rev. George W. Quereau, A. M., Principal, assisted by twelve teachers; No. students: Ladies, 218; Gentlemen, 243: total 461. 3. *Amenia Seminary*, Amenias,

Duchess county, N. Y., Rev. George G. Davis, Principal, assisted by nine teachers.

(21.) ANNUAL REPORTS.—1. The Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church presents, in a compact and lucid form, the general operations of the Society for the year. 2. Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati. 3. Trustees of the Cooper Union for the advancement of science and art.

(22.) MINUTES OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS CONFERENCE. President, Bishop Simpson; Secretary, Moses Shepherd.

(23.) SABBATH SCHOOL BELLS. *New York: Horace Waters.*—A choice collection of songs and tunes.

## New York Literary Correspondence.

Lectures and Lecturers.—The New Era in Literature—Money and Books—Dr. Motley's New Volume—Mammy's England, Volume V—Other New Works Published and Announced.

We are again at the close of the lecture season, which "institution," like most other matters of public interest, has been variously and unequally successful. The Lecture has maintained its hold on the popular favor longer than many supposed it would, when it began to be a kind of temporary rage. Its ambiguous character, attempting to unite instruction with amusement, is now for the most part laid aside; and the arrangement long ago adopted in the classification of the advertisements for the daily papers, in which "Lectures" appear under the head of "Amusements," is now acquiesced in and approved by public opinion. That the public lecture is capable of being made a valuable agency for popularizing useful knowledge seems probable, and nobody disputes it—that it has not done this among us is quite certain. People do not like to be inveigled into either learning or good manners, and if the attempt is made upon them they either reject the whole, or, like children who read pious romances of the "Lady of the Manor" family, they read the story but "skip" the application. Lecturers have ascertained these facts; and while those who used this agency chiefly for purposes of instruction have mostly given it up, another class have learned to adapt them to the popular demands—retaining, however, a sufficient show of learning wherewith to flatter those who wish to seem to be learned. These facts of the case will explain the cause of the continued popularity, in greater or less degree, of some of our chief lecturers. Bayard Taylor succeeds by virtue of his reputation as a traveler and a writer of travels; and though he is an able, and, to those who appreciate him, an interesting speaker, I think that nevertheless he is about "played out." Greeley is somewhat in demand, but chiefly as a curiosity to be seen rather than as a speaker to be heard and valued for what he says. Curtis too is called for, and he answers very well to the requirements of the public tastes in such matters, though I suspect the fact that he has the reputation of being a victim of our Northern slaveocracy, gives him a corresponding popularity with another class.

But we have a trio of popular lecturers, who stand head and shoulders above the multitude, in three clergymen of this city and Brooklyn—Chapin, Beecher, and Milburn. The services of these are in constant demand from the beginning of November to the end of March, with a sprinkling during the balance of the year, and their circuit extends over a large portion of the country. Of the ability of these gentlemen there can be no question, for only real ability can retain the public interest as they have done. Doubtless, in many cases, their services are secured and paid for in good round prices by such as know very little of the qualities of the things they thus seek after. Multitudes crowd to hear them simply because of their reputations, and so they are sought after by

lecture associations, because their lectures *will pay*. But such reputations could not be perpetuated were there not some genuine elements of popularity at the bottom. This matter of *pay* enters also into the reckonings of the performers; and since their services have come to have a mercantile value, they have not failed to take advantage of that fact. A story is told of one of them, who, when solicited to render his services, accepting as part payment the *fame* he would acquire, replied that he did indeed lecture for *f-a-m-e*; that is, *F* means \$50—a, and—m, my—e, expenses. That occurrence, however, belongs to a former period, for now *fifty dollars* and *expenses* will not, in all cases, purchase the hour's talk. Probably five thousand dollars would not be too high an estimate for the aggregate receipts of each of these gentlemen during the late season. As to the particular character and real value of their performances I shall say but little. Let him who dares to doubt the infallibility of the popular verdict enjoy the consolation of his own thoughts, without spitting against the wind. Though specifically unlike both in thought and expression, they are all sprightly thinkers and good speakers. Unlike their Boston *conféres*, who use the lecturer's desk as a means to disseminate their attenuated transcendentalism, these gentlemen seem to have no "mission," and, therefore, they teach nothing in particular, and, therefore, seldom offend. Generally their lectures have places for "applause," "laughter," and "sensation," as clearly indicated as if marked upon the margin, and they are sufficiently masters of their arts to secure the proper responses in the proper places. Chapin makes you feel that he is in earnest asserting and defending the right, and endeavoring to promote what ought to be promoted, though after all it is not very plain what practical ends he is aiming at. Beecher is also intensely in earnest and satirical—though his satire is more comical than vindictive. It is not very difficult to name the ends that he would promote, though as to the means—and these are all we have any thing to do with immediately—he is often rather uncertain. But there is an open-air freshness and a rollicking boyish exuberance of soul in his utterances, and such a grotesque mingling of the apostle and the harlequin in his manner, that his performances can not fail to be attractive. Milburn is smooth and chaste both in style and oratory—satisfied and satisfying.

Pleased with himself, who all the world can please, yet he sometimes descends to rather broad humor—not because he loves it, but because it *will pay*. . . The Lecture is nevertheless evidently passing into the "saw and yellow leaf," and must soon fall into disuse, though its friends do not think so.

The current of literature flows close by that of commerce, and is affected by it, as that is by the current of public affairs. Probably the issues of the press, in various forms, more accurately indicate the state and tendency of the public mind respecting questions of political ethics and administration than



do the proceedings of senates and the utterances of state papers. A great change has come over the tone of the press since first you and I, Mr. Editor, read Fourth of July orations in the "American Preceptor," and were taught to love liberty for its own sake by the burning periods of the "Columbian Orator." To judge from what I find in cotemporary, non-controversial literature, I should not think that any body cares much for "freedom" nowadays, or sets any very high estimate upon the "rights of man." Those words and phrases which once possessed a kind of talismanic power in American hearts seem to have become effete, and indeed are seldom used except "to point a moral or adorn a tale." I take it as one of the indications that I am growing old—though neither the number of my years reckoned arithmetically, nor the feelings of either heart or hand tell me so—that I have seen so great a change, and that I am so old-fashioned in my notions as to love my country, and to prefer liberty to slavery. Modern polite literature—like that which assumes to be specially *evangelical*—has for a long time been carefully freeing itself from every thing that might be offensive "to any portion of our fellow-citizens in any part of the country;" which euphemism means, in practical English, any thing specially laudatory of freedom, or seeming to assert the natural and inalienable rights of all men; and most especially does it avoid all expressed or implied censure of negro slavery, as either morally wrong or economically inexpedient. Patrick Henry once declared that the cherished existence of slavery in the State was incompatible with the genuine love of liberty among the people; and what he then uttered prophetically we now read as history. This "purging out the old leaven" of freedom is especially noticeable in our modern school readers, in which two things, formerly of good repute, are now systematically and most effectually ignored; to wit, Christianity and liberty. How much further this business is to proceed it would be hazardous to conjecture; but as the old classic poet has it, *Facilis descensus averni*—the descent to hell is easy; while to get back again is an up-hill business, seldom successfully achieved. There is, therefore, cause to fear that the worst has not yet come.

Literature also sympathizes with public affairs in their grosser monetary relations. Wall-street and Nassau-street run into each other metaphorically as well as literally; or if Broadway be substituted for Nassau-street, since the book-trade has largely gone into the latter thoroughfare, the remark is equally true in both relations. The success or failure of many a hopeful aspirant for literary renown has been determined by the state of the money market, and the timely or untimely appearing of the candidate. Accordingly when the "bears" rule on 'change, and Federal bonds sell at a discount, authors and publishers must be cautious how they draw upon the public. Then bibliomania attends book auctions, or drive bargains with the trade for cash; and the gentlemen of the trade may say to the purchasers as *Æsop's* frogs said to their persecutors—it may be sport for you, but it is death to us. It is indeed doubtful whether such a state of things is profitable even to the buyers themselves. I was, therefore, sorry, when, a few days ago, after a few weeks' absence, I entered one of the finest bookstores in the city—and one of which I wrote you not long since—to find it crowded with buyers, attracted thither by the announcement that its extensive and valuable stock would be retailed at half price. The gathering of the eagles at the carcass was, of course, suggested by that crowd, wandering among these treasured stores of taste and learning, now passing through the hands of the remorseless "receiver." Large sales at the South last year, for which the remittances are not forthcoming, and diminished operations since the coming on of the panic, sufficiently explain the cause of the disaster. But the noble craft is stranded, and the wreckers are making the most of it.

But the trade in literature is by no means at a stand-still, notwithstanding the confusion and partial stagnation of the golden current in the country. To say nothing of newspapers which flourish best in times of public excitements, and of other serials and periodicals which are but slightly if at all unfavorably affected by these things, the usual issue of books

is but partially suspended, and in some of the principal houses scarcely at all diminished. Your friends, the Harpers, present for the Spring trade a remarkably full and valuable "announcement." It has solid histories and attractive adventures; books of classical learning and books of biography; pleasant disquisitions and fascinating fictions—some the works of authors enjoying well-earned reputations, and others of nameless *debutants* in the perilous walks of authorship—and these various works are found in all the stages of forwardness, from the "now ready," which have been read and discussed all Winter, to the "just ready," which are now on "our table," and the "nearly ready," which are close at hand, to the "in press," which means that they will come some time if they do not fall out by the way. Foremost among these, both in the order of time and in value, is Mr. Motley's justly-celebrated "History of the Netherlands," a second installment of the noble work to which he is, with great success, devoting his energies. The first installment—two volumes, the "Rise of the Dutch Republic"—was issued a few years ago; and so highly were they appreciated, that the writer, who had been till then but little known, was at once recognized as one of our first-class historians—a class which, by the way, embraces a larger share of our first-rate writers than any other. The favor shown to his first production has encouraged the writer to prosecute his subject, and now we have two volumes more, taking up the narrative where the former issue left it, and traversing the brief but important period of six years, comprising the history of Europe for that time, as the interest of all Europe then concentrated at the Netherlands. The events of those six years—1684-1690—gave shape to and fixed the relations of modern Europe, which is equal to saying of the whole world. As incidents of this history are the story of the siege of Antwerp, the famous Spanish armada, and the fall of the Spanish power in Northern Europe, while its embellishments are the portraits of the characters of a large number of persons best known in modern history—the three French Henrys, the Virgin Queen of England, and finest and bravest of all England's chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney. The celebrated Synod of Dort is named as the historical waymark to which the story comes, but the account of which it does not include, leaving it for the opening chapter of the next issue.

Mr. Motley brings into harmonious action some of the best properties of a historian. He is patient and painstaking without being dull, learned without pedantry, and sufficiently dramatic, yet maintaining the just gravity of the historian. His style is less ornate than Bancroft's, and less sterile than Hildreth's; he does not blacken nor flay his characters like Macaulay, nor whitewash and bedizen them like "Napoleon" Abbott. A *juste milieu* is maintained without falling into that fatal fault of a historian—mediocrity. But as all the papers, magazines, and reviews are praising him I forbear, only adding as did Burke's associate, after the election speech of that great stump-speaker—"Ditto, Mr. Burke." I have often seen the remark at the end of a commonplace notice of some commonplace book, that "no library can be complete without it," which is, no doubt, always true in a certain sense—in which sense no library is complete—but it is only a few writers, among which is the author of these volumes, who make their works matters of necessity.

The same house is about to issue the fifth volume of Macaulay's England, which was left unfinished by the noble historian, and has been completed by his literary executor. Three simultaneous editions are given—a fine octavo, a cheap duodecimo, and a very cheap octavo, in paper covers.

Of the principal books of travel named in this announcement I have already written to you—then, as promised, but now they are actually "out." Atkinson's "Amoor" has been well received by the public, though both it and its predecessor, "Siberia," command less attention than they deserve, whether their matter or their literary merits are considered. Captain Burton's "Lake Regions of Africa" has attracted a good share of attention, as that subject is just now "up;" and Du Chaillu's "Equatorial Africa," now "just ready," will probably create a sensation. A volume "in press," on "Carthage and her Remains," by Dr. N. Davis, F. R. G. S., prom-

ises a rich treat to all who are interested in archæology and classical history. The relation of the old Punic empire to history and ethnology is especially curious and interesting, and it may be expected that light will be thrown upon some of its obscurities by these researches. Squier's Nicaragua, "now ready," belongs to the same class, and will be much sought for. In the way of adventures, as distinguished from such learned researches as the last two named, they announce "A Narrative of Imprisonment in Burmah," by Henry Gonyer; "Seasons with the Sea-Horses," sporting adventures in the North Sea; "Life and Adventures in the Pacific," "Captain Brand's Exploits," and "Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes." These ought to be a sufficient contribution for one house to make to the *lærum-skærum* reading of the season. Sewell's "West Indies" is a reproduction in book form, revised and augmented, of a series of letters issued some months ago in the New York Times, in which abundant facts were adduced to show that the abolition of slavery in the British colonies has proved thoroughly satisfactory to all parties in interest, and a great and permanent good to the emancipated colored people. It is something new for that house to issue any thing unfavorable to the interests of slavery, and I am surprised that this book is to find its passage to the public by that way. Perhaps the fact is oracular. I read these letters as first printed with a good deal of interest and satisfaction, and can recommend them in their new and permanent form as deserving attention. "Young Benjamin Franklin"—in press—has also for a second title the sentence, "the right road through life." I am perhaps singular in my notions on that subject, but I confess that to me there seems to be very little in the life and character of Franklin that I can commend to a young man as an example. A more perfectly-earthly, money-wise materialist than was he is seldom or never found outside of the walks of the little-great men who meet on 'change and know no other scale of values than rates per cent. Franklin's industry and sobriety are worthy of commendation, and his success in life may justly teach poor boys to strike for a higher place; but it would be well to teach all such that there are a higher wisdom and nobler pursuits than any taught them by Poor Richard.

Of novels there is any amount, for the pens of the writers of fictions never grow weary. Shirley Brooks gives "The Silver Cord;" "Ida Conway" is heralded without a sponsor. The author of "Margaret Maitland" and a good many other books promises "The House on the Moor." *Curtis's* "Trumps," issued last year in Harper's Magazine, is coming out in book form. Anthony Trollope, who produces a new book each quarter, and who could write well if he would not write so much, now promises "Framely Parsonage." He delights to deal with "the cloth." *Miss Mulock*—by the way one of the best living novelists—gives "Our Year;" and *George Meredith*—pseudonym of young Bulwer—"Evan Harrington." These are enough in all conscience for once.

Another announcement of the same house ought to be of interest to all your clerical readers, as well as to any others who would be generally informed in matters of Biblical, ecclesiastical, and theological learning—"A Cyclopædia of Sacred Literature," by Drs. McClintock and Strong. I have been aware that such a work was in preparation during several years past, and have heard several times that it would very soon be published; but for some cause its publication lingers. And though it is now said to be "in press"—and I happen to know that much of it is printed—yet I am not very sure that we shall not still be called upon to wait a little longer. Of the work itself I entertain large expectations, based in part on the acknowledged capabilities of the compilers, and in part upon a personal acquaintance with the plan and execution of the work. A determination to make it all it should be has probably had something to do with the postponement of its publication, which will probably not be extended much farther.

When, some time since, I referred to the flight of the publishers from Nassau-street to Broadway, I neglected to mention one notable exception. Sheldon and Company are still at 115 Nassau-street—the old Bible-House—and appear to be flourishing as fairly as ever. Though a private concern as to

ownership, that house has a kind of official relation to the Baptist denomination, and is informally its literary center for this region. Recently its catalogue—before quite large and valuable—has been enriched by some unusually-valuable additions, among them Olshausen's and Neander's Commentaries, and more recently Milman's "Latin Christianity"—six of whose eight volumes are already out, in a style so elegant as seems sufficient to induce all who can to own them, and even the most listless to read them. Among their miscellaneous books are some quite worthy of special commendation. Here is Everett's "Life of Washington," put up in most attractive form, as if to answer to the character of the matter. This biography was prepared originally for the Encyclopedia Britannica—Everett having been selected for that work at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay. There are any number of Lives of Washington, but this one fills a place occupied by no other. *Miss Oranford's* "Life in Tuscany," written just before the occurrences which have so strangely changed the aspects of Italian affairs, is especially interesting on account of those changes, while many of its utterances, when compared with subsequent development, appear to have been prophetic. *Kendrick's* "Life of Mrs. Judson"—Fanny Forrester—has passed to the sixth thousand—a book which your fair readers may profitably "read, mark, and inwardly digest." Our Baptist friends are proud of their Judsons, as they have a right to be; and as these wrought glorious lives, so those have written them justly and appreciatively—making the great public their debtors—for the Judsons belong to universal humanity. Of the more severely-didactic books, issued by this house, two have especially attracted my notice—"Manhood, its Duties and Responsibilities," by Rev. Dr. Earls, and "Love and Penalty," by Dr. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle. Both these are sound, wholesome, and full of valuable instruction. Young men should read them. They are also issuing serially a set of volumes of American histories for young persons from the prolific pen of *Jacob Abbott*, who writes more books than most people find time to read. Three of the proposed twelve volumes have been published, relating respectively to "Aboriginal America," "Discovery," and "The Southern Colonies." Of course all the little folks, and a good many larger ones, will wish to see them.

But the great work of all their miscellaneous catalogue is their edition of Lord Macaulay's Essays, in six crown octavo volumes, printed on delicately-tinted paper, as smooth and firm as marble, in letters that seem as well defined as if cut on steel. I confess to a slightly-insane admiration of really-good book-making; but I hate the tawdry and pretentious attempting to palm off coarseness. I had often heard of Haughton's "River Side Press," and seen some of its work, without pausing to examine it closely, before I took these books in hand, but I confess that I had no just appreciation of the preëminent fineness of its work. This special excellence is not found in any strongly-marked feature, but in the perfection and finish of the whole, in which the *ne plus ultra* of the typographical art seems to have been fairly attained. This edition of the Essays of the great Reviewer has been brought out under the able supervision of E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston—himself no mean essayist—who also contributes an introduction and a biographical sketch; and it is in fact the first and only complete collection of the Essays of their noble author. They are here arranged in chronological order, beginning with the year 1823, when, without reputation, the writer commenced issuing critical essays in Knight's Quarterly Magazine; then follows a more than thirty years' correspondence through the Edinburgh Review, and lastly a number of highly-valuable biographical sketches, contributed to the late edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Of Macaulay as a writer, whether of essays or of history, I need not say any thing; his place in the galaxy of the literary heavens is definitely determined. The American reprints of his works—this one of his Essays and that of his histories, by the Harpers—leave nothing more to be desired as to the material form in which they are presented to us. Be sure to caution your readers, Mr. Editor, that in buying Macaulay's Miscellanies they buy only Sheldon and Company's "River Side" edition: with any other they will not be satisfied.

## Editor's Table.

**JUDGE McLEAN.**—This eminent civilian and Christian gentleman is no more. He died at his residence in the vicinity of Cincinnati, April 4, 1861. His portrait, together with a biographical sketch, appeared in the February number for 1859.

He was born in the State of New Jersey, March 11, 1785. In 1797 his father, having emigrated West, settled at what is now Lebanon, forty miles north of Cincinnati. In 1804 John came to the city and was indentured as a law student. He was a severely-laborious student, both in law and in literature. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law in Lebanon. In 1812 he was elected to represent the Cincinnati District in Congress, and in 1814 he was unanimously reelected. In 1817 he was unanimously elected, by the Legislature, Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, which office he resigned in 1822, to accept the appointment from President Monroe, of Commissioner of the Land-Office. The next year he was appointed Postmaster-General, which office he held through Adams's administration into Jackson's, when, in 1829, he was appointed to the Supreme Bench of the United States. His long career as Associate Judge, if not brilliant, was honorable in the highest degree. With honor unblemished, he has filled up the measure of his days, and died, leaving behind him that which is "better than precious ointment"—"A GOOD NAME."

Judge McLean became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1811. For many years he has been identified with Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati. He returned home from Washington only a few days before his death. His decease, though not altogether unexpected, was quite sudden. But, as old Augustin says, "No man can die ill who has lived well."

**PULPIT CARTOONS.**—Under this somewhat quaint, but by no means inexpressive title, the Publishers of the Western Book Concern have in press a volume of short sermons. They are from the pen of Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D., who is extensively known as a chaste and elegant writer. These sermons have been elaborated with great care, and may be regarded as models of order in arrangement, perspicuity in the elucidation of the subject, and elegance in style and diction. We trust they will have a large sale.

**SCRIPTURE CABINET.**—The Publishers of the Western Book Concern also have in press a work with the above title, prepared by Rev. Erwin House, A. M. It consists of striking anecdotal and other illustrations of passages in the Bible. It will be a volume of rare value for private reading, and at the same time will be a sort of hand-book for the pulpit. It can not fail of a favorable reception by the public.

**A SAD LETTER.**—Many of our readers, now engaged as school-teachers or in other useful and honorable occupations, imagine that it would be a glorious thing to become a contributor to the magazines or papers, and thus enter the literary arena to toil for a livelihood.

We are weekly receiving applications looking in this direction. Young friends, read the following. It may moderate your views of literary labors as a means of livelihood:

It seems that I no longer suit you with poems—may I submit a prose article to your mercy? If you approve it I wish to sell it on the best terms you can afford. My last letter to you went before the returned manuscripts came. Just tear its contents up. The poem, with some few differences, is printed elsewhere. I shall be sorry to lose entirely your favor, but shall not be surprised. The constant drain upon my head and strain upon my heart are ruining me. I am sad—discouraged; but I must go on till my power utterly fails—then—God have mercy on me!

**NOTE FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.**—The following note from a contributor is so life-like and pleasant that we give it as an alternative to the preceding:

I do not know how I dare to do what I am doing; that is, send this nonsensical production of mine to you, with any hope of its finding a place in the Repository. I hardly think that I have any hope of that; but it is more from curiosity than aught else that I send it. I have very often been told by my friends that if I should send some pieces which I have written for my own amusement, and for theirs—of which the inclosed is one—to some magazine, they would be accepted. Now, I never believed it; never would allow myself to think of any thing so absurd till of late the world-renowned woman's curiosity conquered. I do so want to know if it is only the fond partiality of loving friends, or if I really have any power to write. Now, Dr. Clark, do bear with me, and if you are inclined to have a good laugh at my folly, or to pass any severe criticism upon this offshoot from my brain—as some editors are accustomed to do—just please to recollect that I am only seventeen, and not quite through with my school-days. So please pause one moment, and instead of harsh criticism give a few kind words to Huldah—they will not take up much room—who will search the Repository so anxiously, and who will be so very much disappointed if Dr. Clark does not give her one word of kind advice, or, better still, of encouragement.

Yours, respectfully,

HULDAH HERBERT.

P. S. Between you and me, Dr. Clark, my name is no more Huldah Herbert than your own is; but you see I am not going to give people a chance to laugh at me if I do not succeed. Am I not wise?

H. H.

**RESPONSE TO A POET'S GREETING.**—On its way to "Hazel Valley" the following private note came to our office. But not finding said Valley on the map, nor in the Post-Office Directory, and, in fine, being unable to give any other locality to it than that which the Repository affords, we concluded to transmit it by way of the Repository:

T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—Your very kind greeting to me in the March Repository was read with sincere pleasure. And I can assure you I was very grateful for so flattering a recognition, coming down to me, as it did, from the heights that are not thickly peopled. I take your proffered hand and say, "Let us squeeze and be friends."

I thank you for your advice concerning the angel, though Rose says you are a horrid man, and are probably married to some wicked creature, and she wants me to ask you—is n't your wife's name Xantippe?

I hope I shall yet see you in the flesh.

Very truly, yours,

ELIHU MASON MORSE.



**A SABBATH IN SPRING.**—In the country only are such Sabbaths enjoyed as that described below :

To-day is the Sabbath of Spring, and all is hushed, still, and holy, save the sweet sound of the church bell, and the subdued voice of those wending thither their way to render homage to the Creator. No sound but Nature's voice breaks the holy quiet. The sky is bright and the sun sheds his warm rays and clear light upon the earth, calling the leaves, the grass, and the flowers from their long sleep of Winter into new life and new beauty. The sweet air and new life of nature fills man's soul with high hopes and joyful expectations. This is Spring. Would that man's life could always be so full of happiness and holy aspirations! But such can not be. Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter follow each other in rapid succession, and bring with them silvery locks, care-worn brows, and, too often, aching hearts. But to the follower of Jesus there is a sure hope of a brighter sky, and a happier, holier life and home in heaven. R. C. K.

**EAST BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.**—Close upon the heels of the session follow the Minutes which record its proceedings. The Conference passed a resolution regretting the abuse of the supernumerary relation, which led the last General Conference to abolish it; and also doubting the expediency of such abolition; but they do not ask for its restoration. The Conference also passed a resolution asking for the repeal of the Chapter on slavery, and that each Annual Conference, within whose boundary the relation of slavery exists, be empowered to make such regulations upon the subject as they may choose. From the year 1780 the Church has had upon record her standing testimony against slavery. It seems to us that it is too late in the day to think of ever blotting that testimony out. And as for the "New Chapter," we have the testimony of Bishop Morris, that, so far as Church legislation is concerned, the Border have not been in a better condition for the past forty years. The attempt to repeal the "New Chapter" can only reopen the controversy, which most of the delegates at the close of the last General Conference fondly hoped had been put to rest. The success of the demand for repeal, would be the beginning of a controversy that would be bitter but not long, and whose end it requires not a prophet to predict. We are glad to notice that the session of East Baltimore was harmonious; and the Minutes, in addition to being gotten up in excellent style, give evidence of the substantial growth of Methodism within its bounds.

**MISSOURI CONFERENCE ON THE NEW CHAPTER.**—The proceedings of the Missouri Conference on this subject are brief and pertinent. We give them entire, and commend them to the sober attention of the Church. The resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Committee to whom was referred the memorial from Baltimore, on the change of the Chapter on slavery, and also the memorial of the Rev. J. P. Pell, of Kentucky, on the same subject, have had the matter under careful consideration, and would report for adoption the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with our brethren of the other Border Conferences in the difficulties under which they labor, and that we are ready to coöperate heartily in any measure that will give greater efficiency and success to our common work.

2. *Resolved*, That we believe a renewal of the agitation to effect a disciplinary change, by uniting in a request for an extra General Conference, or by appointing a committee of correspondence, would only tend to renew an unhappy controversy, unsettle the peace of the Church, and would increase rather than diminish the difficulties that now surround us.

3. *Resolved*, That as the new Chapter, according to the decision of the Board of Bishops, prescribes no new terms of membership, and is, also, as was declared by the vote of the General Conference, simply declarative and advisory, we have no grievances to be redressed, no complaints to make, but are satisfied with the Discipline as it is, and, as loyal Methodists, intend to stand firmly by the Church of our choice.

4. *Resolved*, That we respectfully decline taking such action as is recommended by the memorials addressed to us.

**WESTERN VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY CONFERENCES**, though not concurring with the action of the last General Conference on the subject of slavery, are not inclined to reopen the question. The same is true, we judge, of the New Jersey Conference. We think if time is taken for reflection, and men's passions are allowed to cool, this will be found to be the wiser and better course.

**THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER**—Dutch Reformed—was enlarged and changed to the quarto form in January last. It is one of our best exchanges—beautiful to the eye and ably edited. It can not be other than a welcome and useful visitor to the Christian families of the Church of which it is an organ.

**EMPIRE CLOTHES-WRINGER.**—We are not much in the habit of noticing inventions, etc.; and we never do it, without a full conviction that we can do so with justice to all parties. "Washing day" and a "wash-room" are institutions connected with every well-regulated family, and we have such a family. A week or two ago, we were invited into the wash-room to witness the operation of a new invention. There we saw, attached to the edge of an ordinary wash-tub, a simple machine of no great dimensions, nor of any great pretensions to beauty. It was nothing less than the "Empire Clothes-wringer," invented and manufactured, we believe, by Mr. G. B. Griffin, of Cincinnati. It consists of two rollers made of vulcanized India Rubber pressed tightly together, and being made to revolve by a crank attached to one of them. Dripping from the wash-tub, clothes of all sorts and sizes were made to pass through between these rollers with remarkable rapidity, and without strain, without peril to buttons, came out on the other side thoroughly "wrung," and ready for the lines. We speak a simple fact. The machine costs but five dollars, and we feel confident we can recommend it to any family as a great practical utility. It will save time; it will save straining of the muscles, and will do the work better than it is usually done by the hand.

**ANOTHER BOON TO WOMAN.**—The poor success of the "Washing-Machines" heretofore claiming public attention, and the transparent impositions that have been practiced in that line, have made us suspicious of all such inventions. After careful observation, however, we have become satisfied that French's Conical Washing-Machine combines the requisite qualities to bring relief to "Blue Monday." It is easily worked, and is an economizer of time and toil, as well as of soap and fuel. It combines simplicity, cheapness, and will wash with equal facility the finest, as well as the coarsest fabrics. Whatever will lighten woman's cares and toils has special claims upon a journal like this. We have contributed our quota of influence to give the "sewing-machine" a home in every family. As a great want, the "Washing-Machine" does not fall far behind.







Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1867 by Peter Henry in the Southern District of New York.

Engraved by W. Wellsted, from the Original Painting by W. Hart, in the possession of the Artist







Engraved by J. G. Thompson

Gleason Tullman

PROF. GEORGE W. TULLMAN, JR.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson